THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXVI.—No. 1635

APRIL 24, 1935

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT GOSSIP · STAGE GOLF · SOCIETY FILMS · RACING FASHIONS

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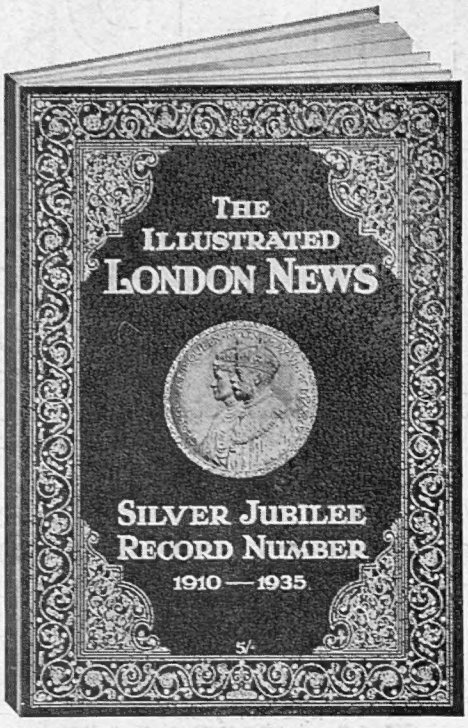

PLACE AN ORDER NOW FOR YOUR JUBILEE NUMBERS

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FIVE SHILLINGS

This Extra Number is apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It is bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it contains Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-five Years' Reign is Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing): Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, racehorse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower and Professor J. B. Robertson.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given. In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel "Sandringham Spark" will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of FAMOUS DOGS which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Jubilee Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

The Bystander, April 24, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1636. Vol.CXXVI.

Peter North

THE LADY DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON

A new portrait of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea's elder daughter, who announced her engagement to Mr. Whitney Straight two weeks ago. She is twenty-one, a year younger than her fiancé, is half-American, as her mother was Margaretta Armstrong Drexel, daughter of Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia, and is something of a balletomane, having trained quite seriously as a ballet dancer. Whitney Straight is the son of the late Willard Straight, and Mrs. Elmhirst, of Dartington Hall, Totnes. He is a racing motorist and aviator by hobby, and a business man of a year's standing by profession; he started work as soon as he came down from Cambridge, and is now director of eight companies with the most widely varying interests

A Day in the Open Air

Point-to-Points and Flat Racing Tread on Each Other's Heels

Mr. Terence Weldon talking to Lord and Lady Haddington at the Bogside meeting

In Ayrshire for the Scottish National

Lady Grizel Boyle and Mr. Malcolm Wolfe Murray walking round together at Bogside. Their wedding took place yesterday (April 23rd) at Largs. Lady Grizel is the Earl and Countess of Glasgow's eldest daughter

Right: Lord and Lady Exeter were at the Woodland Pytchley point-to-point, which took place at Dingley, near Market Harborough. The Exeters live at Burghley House, near Stamford

Below: Lady Manton and her son, Joseph, were photographed at the Beaufort Hunt meeting at Alderton. Joseph is Lord and Lady Manton's only child, and is eleven

Lady Manton and Her Son and Heir

The Chiddingfold Point-to-Point

Miss B. B. Rank and Miss Askew talking to Mr. Guy Janson and Mr. A. W. Leese at Cranleigh, where the course of the Chiddingfold point-to-point was laid out

Swaebe

Lord Knutsford's Son and Daughter

The Hon. Julian and the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert are the only son and daughter of the new Lord Knutsford; Julian is fifteen and his sister is twenty-one. They were racing together at the Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases

On the Flat at Lingfield

Above, left: Lord Dunglass, the Duke of Norfolk, and his two sisters, Lady Rachel and Lady Winifride Howard walking round at Lingfield

Above, right: another Lingfield quartet were Miss McNeil and her mother, Mrs. J. A. Dewar, Sir Basil Hitchcock, and Mr. J. Dewar

Left: Lady Brooke, the owner of Coron, the horse that was born without a tail, and Miss Norah Wilmot, who superintends its training, were at Worcester, where Coron ran his first race in the Abberley Plate

Right: Lady Elizabeth Murray, with a pencil in her mouth, and Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton (Monica Brand that was) in the paddock at Lingfield

At the Worcester Meeting

Below: Miss Helen Jacobs, the tennis star, went to the Bar point-to-point at Princes Risborough with Miss Henrietta Bingham (left) and Mrs. Robert Bingham, the wife of the American Ambassador. Miss Jacobs had just arrived from Cairo, where she had been playing in the Egyptian Championships

A Sunny Day for the Woodland Pytchley

Lord Cromwell, Mr. MacIlwaine, Lady Cromwell, Mr. Ronald Tree, who is an ex-joint-Master of the Pytchley, and Mrs. MacIlwaine were at the Woodland Pytchley meeting at Dingley

Guests at a Birthday Lunch

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Barford, in a grey dress studded with steel beads, and the Hon. Mrs. John Tennant were at Mrs. Eustace Storey's birthday lunch-party the other day. Mrs. Tennant was Antonia Benson, and is Lord Charnwood's elder daughter

Two Stars Look Up

Miss Fay Compton, chairman of a recent Foyle's Literary Luncheon, speaking into the "mike"; on her left is Dr. A. J. Cronin, whose latest book, "The Stars Look Down," is a best-seller of the moment

London Life

Indoor and Outdoor Points of View

Right: Sir Paul Latham and his sister, Lady Edward Hay, leaving the Ritz after lunch. Lady Edward Hay's husband, whom she married as his second wife in 1928, is Lord Tweeddale's heir-presumptive

They Lunched at the Ritz

Above: Lady Queensberry and Lady Portarlington would have done well as models for spring fashion ideas as they walked away from the Ritz after lunch. The short coat, the very short coat, and the two kinds of hat are all very much of the moment

Left: Lord St. Aldwyn, one of the young eligibles, as a twenty-two year-old Earl is bound to be, is with the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian, whose husband is Lord Vivian's only son. They were at the midnight performance of the new Charlot revue, "Char-a-Bang!"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 99

Evelyn Laye

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

IT is bad luck on Mrs. Frankie Lawton, alias Evelyn Laye, alias "Boo," that she is so beautiful. People refuse to believe that she can also be a good actress. "Boo" is the most English of all our Leading Ladies, being exactly the world's idea of English beauty—pink and white, blonde and blue-eyed, direct and cool. Moreover, she has always been a star—ever since *The Beauty Spot*; and however friendly, charming and unaffected she may be, nothing can take away from her star quality. Those who accuse her of being cold are not justified. True, she is reminiscent of Dresden china. But her greatest ambition is to be thought a good sport, rather than a star. Hence her riding and lawn tennis. (Of course, everyone thinks this is a subterfuge, like English diplomacy. When an English diplomat says "I don't know," the Foreign Ministers of every other country regard this as being most crafty.)

In Hollywood, Elstree, and Shepherd's Bush, every producer has felt and ejaculated, "If only I could direct I'd make her the biggest sensation in pictures." And yet, somehow, no one has yet realised this ambition.

HER own explanation of her placid manner is interesting. She says she has such a beast of a temper that, for safety's sake, and even her health, she must always be calm ("otherwise the balloon goes up"). When angry she alternates between an excessively polite drawl and a noticeable stutter. Like most people born in July she has strong maternal feelings, and has to have a lot of sleep. Bridge is anathema to her, but she plays a rollicking game of poker. She hates dreaming about Royalty, which most people think fortunate, because it always brings her bad luck. Nor can she bear anyone to sing, whistle or hum Tosti's "Good-bye" in her dressing-room.

HER favourite dish is rump steak. Her favourite wines are white burgundy and German champagne. She is not a particularly quick study, and has a bad memory for faces. When speaking, she often waves her forefinger at you, like a school teacher explaining Euclid. When entering a room and she feels that people are discussing her, she tilts her head up rigidly, instead of relaxing, with the result that she sometimes trips over people's feet. She loves perfumes and bath salts. She also has a surprise complex, but no sense of time; spells "divine" with two e's; snorts when she laughs loudly; and, at the moment, lives in a flat overlooking Regent's Park. Her first part was that of a very small Chinese in *Mr. Wu*, and her favourite that of Nang Ping in the same play. She was born in Russell Square, only a hundred yards from where her present husband first saw the light of day, and continues to be frightfully sentimental.

A Moderne

BEAUTY must be her only claim
To any sort or kind of fame,
For what she says and what she thinks
Is wrapped in silence, like the Sphinx;
But if she 's neither quick nor witty,
She is at least extremely pretty.
Some people, who cannot compare
Their looks with hers, resent the stare
With which the British Public meets,
In Restaurants and Parks and Streets,
The Famous, and infamous, too,
And shout, "Oh, look!—Oh, lummy!—
Coo!"
And suchlike things, used to express
Tribute to fame or loveliness.
She loves all that. The camera's click,
Which makes a lot of people sick,
To her small ears is music sweet.
She knows exactly how to meet
The Public's stare or camera's lens;
The scratching of reporters' pens
Sends happy tingles up her spine.
Publicity to her is wine.
In fact, a look of pained surprise
Might cloud those very lovely eyes
To find her latest hat or dress
Was not reported in the Press.
The Embassy—i.e., the Club—
To her means "Home." It is the hub
On which her flood-lit world rotates.
She likes an atmosphere of plates
And glasses, tables, waiters, bands;
These are the things she understands.
Don't think that I portray some pest
Who 's overproud and underdressed.
She 's far from that!—she 's full of charm,
And does extremely little harm
Compared to others in her set,
Who drink and dope and swear and bet,
And claim, with not a little pride,
There 's *nothing* that they have not tried!

BUS.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

To Be Old and Afraid . . .

"The Old Ladies" (New Theatre)

VISUALISE, if you please, a life-size doll's-house with the interior on view, and you will get a good idea of the scene used in *The Old Ladies*, which has been adapted from Hugh Walpole's novel of the same name by Rodney Ackland.

On the ground floor is the bed-sitting-room in a lodging-house occupied by Lucy Amorest (Mary Jerrold), a kindly, lovable widow, who has a son somewhere in the world trying to make a fortune. On the half-landing is the room of Miss May Beringer (Jean Cadell), an arid spinster lately arrived, all alone in the world and perpetually harping upon her dead dog and a dead woman friend who bequeathed her a beautiful piece of amber. On the first floor lives another widow, Agatha Payne (Edith Evans), raucous of voice, obese, dirty, untidy, with a love for bright colours, a touch of gipsy in her blood, a sadist if ever there was one, and covetous of that piece of amber.

LUCY AMOREST treats Agatha Payne with kindly tolerance, and this strange and repellent creature knows that in Lucy she has met her match; but Agatha at once realises that the newcomer is desperately afraid of her and, like the sadist she is, trades upon those fears—so much so that May Beringer eventually dies of shock.

That is really all there is to it, yet such is the atmosphere created that *The Old Ladies* can be counted as one of the most terrible plays—in the sense of inculcating fear—that have ever been seen on the English stage, and one which makes the ordinary Grand Guignol horror seem the smallest of small beer.

NOW this effect can only be produced by life-like characterisation, perfect acting, and unerring production. John Gielgud is responsible for the latter, and marvellously well he has done his work. He has realised that in a play like this it would destroy illusion to step from the natural to the theatrical; it is the simple and commonplace which causes the frequent shudder or the hysterical laughter where no laugh is; that and the superb acting of Mary Jerrold, Jean Cadell, and Edith Evans. The last-named has the showier part, and therefore the easier, but all three artists display a team-work so perfect that they cannot be separated.

In a play where actuality is so relied on for effect, only one doubt crossed my mind. Would the May Beringers of this wicked world have ever occupied a bed-sitting-room with no key to the door? No, no, a thousand times no!

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

A nice, unimaginative old lady: Lucy Amorest (Mary Jerrold)

Sketches by Rouson

The Shadow of Fear — nervy, terror-stricken May Beringer (Jean Cadell) wakes to find her persecutor, Agatha Payne (Edith Evans), at her bedside

Left: Rochelle Hudson and Claudette Colbert have a daughter and mother relationship in the screen version of Fannie Hirst's novel, "Imitation of Life"; Warren William plays lead opposite Claudette as the man she gives up for her daughter's sake. The film is now running at the Capitol

Below: another book-into-film is "The Morals of Marcus," from W. J. Locke's novel, which is being shown at the New Gallery. Lupe Velez plays Carlolia, the tempestuous little half-Syrian, and Ian Hunter is Sir Marcus Ordeyne, who rescues her from a harem, and naturally marries her in the end

Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life"

"The Morals of Marcus"

• FILMS of the DAY

The Jubilee Picture

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Royal Cavalcade"

THIS is something more than a record of, or even a memorial to, the twenty-five eventful years of King George's reign. Conceived in a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, executed with enthusiasm amounting often to inspiration, the bare material has been invested with spirit which has a moving quality, setting it apart from news-reels and from fiction. It is an interpretation of the emotional and actual experience of three merging generations translated into action.

For those of us who have been conscious of the upheavals and changes, *Royal Cavalcade* has reminiscent and emotional appeal; for the young people it has a curiosity interest. And there is a theme—the important string on which events and sentiment are strung to make a coherent and consecutive whole. We see the minting of "real" money, stamped with the new King's head, in 1911, and one penny survives until the end of the story. It figures at a London bar "sketch," it buys a programme of the King's Coronation, a paper announcing the Serajevo murder; it is the penny for the thoughts of a young lover, later killed in France; picked up in the mud near Ypres, it returns to England and, in spite of the hole in it, continues in circulation through air raids, the strike, and the Royal weddings, and buys wire for a youthful wireless enthusiast's experiments; and finally it goes to the Jubilee Fund.

PRACTICALLY all the British film artists of any interest or importance have contributed to *Royal Cavalcade*, often in the humblest capacities. We see Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terris as members of the crowd waiting for the bulletin when the King was ill, with one line each as their quota; Owen Nares as a silk-hatted diner-out who stops his car because he must know the news about the King; Berry, in a faultless little sketch of the barman-father of the boy radio enthusiast; George Robey, Harry Tate, Arthur Prince as themselves in momentary but characteristic snatches; and the politicians and soldiers, some of them actual, some of them personified, all of them woven into the fabric of Empire and of history.

To amalgamate the history of the people with the history of England and her relation to the nations in the space of one film is surely a great achievement. It is easy to believe what the perpetrators say, almost with awe—that everyone concerned, from producers, authors, and directors, actors and actresses, to camera-men and "prop" men, were imbued with an inspired enthusiasm which gave to every scene significance and emotion.

Royal Cavalcade was made in record time, so that it could be shown, not only in England, but also in all the Dominions during Jubilee Week, and we sincerely hope that the gala performance to which British International Pictures are contributing £5000, will reap a rich harvest for the Jubilee Fund.

"Skylarks"

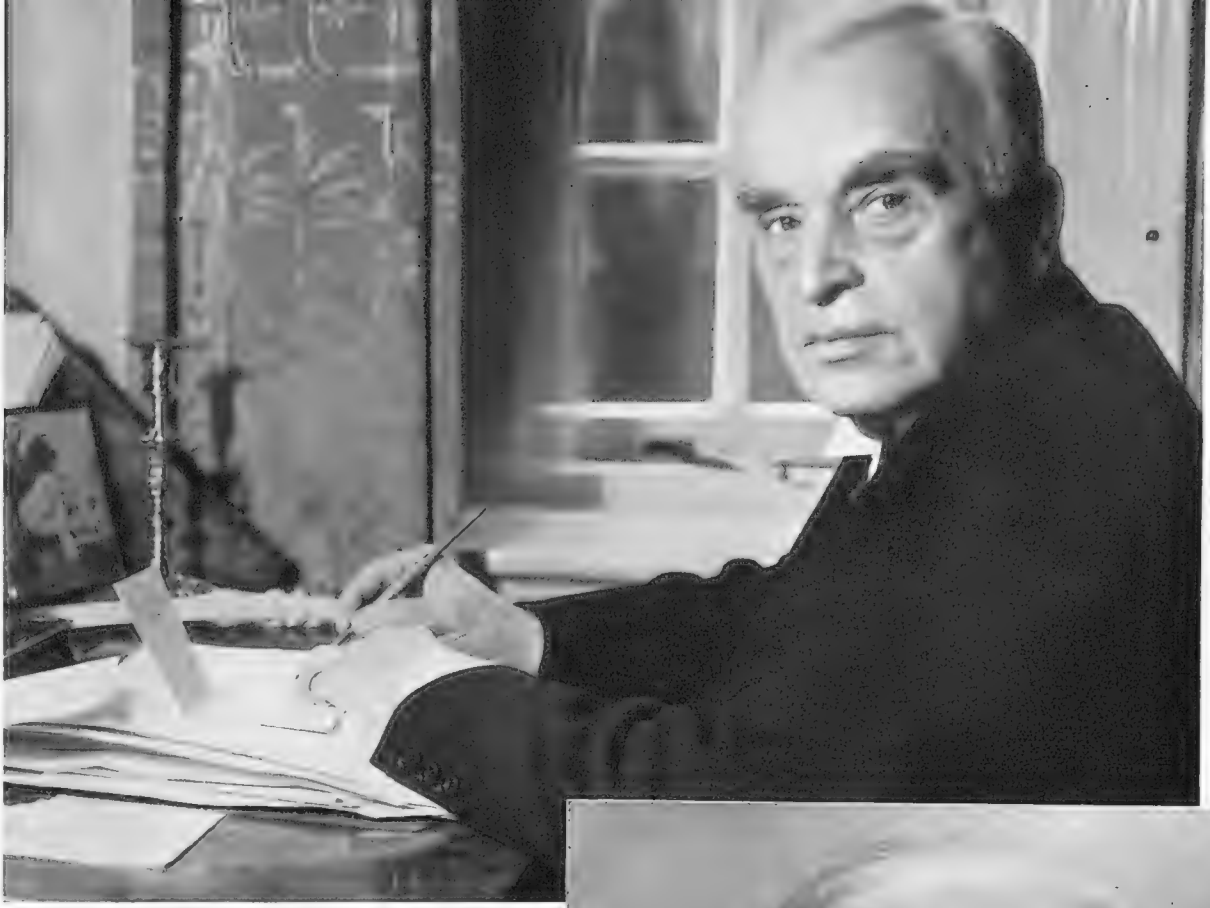
ONE knows that one is going to be entertained at the Curzon. The choice of pictures is amusing. The charming theatre, the intimate atmosphere woo one. Mozart or Chopin may enthral one's senses. Historical drama, modern Continental pictures may be exciting or funny. There is no monotony.

Skylarks is a lovely little French farce, with two would-be aviators in the air, each thinking the other an instructor; in semi-thrill, semi-comic interludes when they discover that they are both novices. The preliminaries to the main situation are a little too long and domestic, but the climax is perfect.

"Beyond Shanghai"

"BEYOND SHANGHAI" is an extremely interesting picture of the travelogue, adventure, wild-beast variety, and should inspire an even more comprehensive survey of Angkor, the mysterious lost city in Indo-China.

In spirit, it has affinity with *Chang*—a masterpiece. The photography is not so brilliant, but the spirit is the same. Two men set out, with cameras, to explore these unknown regions. One died in the war, and the other afterwards. Their pictures and their notes have been assembled and made into this picture. Their adventures in the jungle, their fights with wild beasts, including their capture of two "prehistoric" monsters, are thrilling enough, but the pictures of Angkor, the mysterious lost city, with its terrific outer walls with a frieze of giant elephants, its symbolic carvings, must be suggestive and exciting in the extreme to archæologists and historians. A million people, an advanced artistic civilisation, *disappeared*. (It is suggested that the giant apes they worshipped destroyed them.) But their architecture and all that it can tell, remains.



Lord Wright, P.C., Lord of Appeal

Next Week:
Lord Justice Romer

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 6. Lord Wright

TYPICALLY North Country, from County Durham. His slow, soft speech might induce the belief that his mental processes are slow also; but the very opposite is the case. Observe the aquiline nose, the deep-set eyes looking steadily out from under the thick eyebrows, the long, determined jaw, the firm mouth, and you will make a pretty good estimate of the man. Richard Alderson Wright was called to the Bar at a later age than most men, being thirty-one; and for a few years made but slow progress. When he did get a start, he proceeded with increased momentum until, in seventeen years' time, he became leader of the Commercial Court. No orator he—in fact, he was rather dreary as a speaker—but he put his points with an air of inevitability that was highly convincing. Promotion to the Bench, followed soon after by ascent to the House of Lords, came almost as of course. He never dabbled in politics or public affairs. Law is his only love, except riding horses and climbing Alps. As a Judge, he is of the modern school, despising technicalities, and seeking to arrive at justice by the shortest route.

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 2. The British Sportsman's Club

By Charles Graves

Caricatures by H. H. Harris

Lord Desborough

Lord Decies

THE British Sportsman's Club must not be confused with the International Sportsmen's Club. The latter is a cock-and-hen affair in part of Grosvenor House, with a strong American influence. The British Sportsman's Club is eight or nine years old, and has no quarters. It meets at irregular periods during the year, and its sole object is to show hospitality to visiting teams, whether they play cricket, polo, golf, ice hockey, "Rugger," or are merely track athletes. The rule has been occasionally broken. A dinner was given to Lord Lonsdale, and luncheons were given to Sir Malcolm Campbell and Mr. Tom Sopwith. With the exception of these three individuals, they have all been for collective bodies of visitors from abroad or the Empire.

The origin of the Club is quite simple. A number of people who had had the good fortune to travel abroad and compete in amateur sporting contests, came to the conclusion that the hospitality received when visiting those countries was never adequately returned over here. Lord Lonsdale accepted the presidency, and Lord Desborough, whose rowing and other trophies are unrivalled, also came forward to support the project. All told, there are about three hundred carefully selected members, and there is a considerable waiting list.

Lord Aberdare

THE prime mover is Lord Decies, whose keen, blue eye and rigid moustache are well known all over the world. He is also chairman of the English Taxpayers' Society. Like all good Irishmen, or, at any rate, like all Beresfords, he is a first-class speaker, whether extempore or prepared. He lives in Orchard Court, and has one son (who is now learning to be a chartered accountant) and two daughters. Originally a 7th Hussar, his war service dates back to the Matabeleland Relief Force, thirty-nine years ago. His late wife was the daughter of George J. Gould. His vice-chairman is Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, now Assistant Commissioner, and always the keenest champion of the Mounted Police.

ANOTHER regular is Lord Aberdare, one of the best ball-game players of his day, with a couple of sons, educated at Sandroyd and Winchester, who show every likelihood of following in their father's footsteps. Lord Aberdare is better known to sportsmen, perhaps, as the Honble. C. N. Bruce, and through him the closest touch is kept with visiting cricket teams. Lord Burghley naturally sees to it that the visiting athletic teams have a good time. He was certainly the fastest Viscount (on the track) of his day.

THE presence on the committee of Captain Cazalet, better known as "Teeny," ensures a close touch being kept with visiting lawn tennis players. "Teeny" is a curious chap. He is immensely hard-working; he is a very fine squash racquet player, though Amr Bey is a good deal better; and he has a great nose for celebrities. When Helen Wills-

Lord Burghley

Lord Kimberley

Moody comes over here, you may be certain that she will spend at least one week-end with "Teeny." He is, in fact, a kind of male Lady Wavertree, except that his interest in the illustrious is not chiefly confined to tennis stars. Small, but with a great heart, he has legs worthy of a professional in the squash court, and he certainly knows all the tricks. His brother, Peter, is interested in race-horses, and is a first-class amateur rider. He married P. G. Wodehouse's daughter. "Teeny" himself is such a globe-trotter that he prefers to be a bachelor.

Another keen lawn tennis adherent who belongs to the Club is Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig. Red-cheeked and sandy-haired, Sir Louis partnered the Duke of York when he appeared in the Doubles at Wimbledon. Despite his Court appointment, he is a very keen stockbroker. You may also see him at Kempton and other race meetings. Polo used also to be one of his forms of sport

LORD HOWE, the father of Lord Curzon and the beautiful Lady Georgiana, needs no introduction as a racing motorist. You will always find him competing in the big Continental motor races. In his time he has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury and a Conservative Whip. His son is a goodish golfer and a very unruffled motorist. Polo has another supporter in Lord Kimberley, better known as Lord Wodehouse, a cousin, I fancy, of P. G. He used to be rated at ten, and was always beautifully mounted. Nowadays he takes a very strong view of any threat of professionalism in polo. As the British Sportsman's Club only entertains amateurs, this is quite a point.

THERE are two colonels on the committee—Colonel Harold Phillips, who is in the Brigade of Guards, and thus ensures a sympathetic interest among the bearskins; and Colonel Ronald Sloan-Stanley, who, I fancy, is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, so that the sea is well represented, especially as another member is Admiral Sir Hugh Watson. Sir Hugh served in the slave-cruising and blockade operations on the East Coast of Africa nearly half a century ago, and yet commanded the Third Battle Squadron as recently as 1924. Golf is well represented by Roger Wethered, who made a fine come-back in the President's Putter at Rye this year—his first really successful appearance on the links since his marriage. He is still one of the finest iron-shot players in the world.

AS for the guests of the Club, there is not a Test match cricketer from South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, the West Indies and, if it comes to that, South America, who has not attended one of the Club lunches or dinners. I can recall admirable speeches by W. M. Woodfull and Don Bradman when they were over here last. Even better speakers were H. G. Dean and H. O. Freilinghaus, the honorary manager of the South African Cricket Team, six years ago. This year, by the way, the South African Team have once again been welcomed by the Club.

THE most attractive guest the Club has ever had was Miss Glenna Collett, when she brought over the American women golfers. Her name always reminds me of Miss Diana Fishwick, who defeated her, as you may recall. This was a complete upset of form, but Miss Fishwick's telegram to Tom Webster, "Isn't it a lark—I am in the final!" suggested that at least she had the right temperament for defeating the American woman champion.

THE most picturesque of the British Sportsman's Club's visitors were the royal Princes of India, headed by the Gaekwar of Baroda, who, oddly enough, is a Doctor of Literature, and the Maharajas of Patiala and Alwar. Almost equally picturesque was the Indian polo team which came over with the Maharaja of Jaipur two years ago; though perhaps the most sporting polo players of the lot were the Aurora Team, which swept all before it last year.

Lord Lonsdale

Sir Malcolm Campbell

Sir Louis Greig

Lord Howe

Col. Sir Percy Laurie

Court and Politics

Four Portraits of To-day's Interest

Mrs. John Buchan

Mrs. Anthony Eden

Mrs. Anthony Eden, *the good-looking wife of one of England's most brilliant young men, was Beatrice Helen Beckett, and is the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett's third daughter. She married in 1923, the year her husband first became M.P. for Warwick and Leamington. She made her own appearance in the news two weeks ago, when she inaugurated the new Leeds to London air service, and her aeroplane landed in a daffodil field*

Photographs by Bassano and Dorothy Wilding

Mary, Countess of Minto

Mary, Countess of Minto, *mother of the present Earl, is one of the Queen's four Ladies of the Bedchamber, and will be seen by the public during the Jubilee celebrations and processions. She is the daughter of the late General the Hon. Charles Grey, and married the late Earl in 1883. She has a London house in Chelsea Park Gardens and a country one in Surrey*

The Countess of Cromer

Mrs. John Buchan *will shortly be sailing for Canada with her husband when he goes to Ottawa as Governor-General. She is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Norman Grosvenor, and is a relation of Lord Ebury; she was married in 1907 and has three sons and a daughter, who is now Mrs. Brian Fairfax-Lucy. The John Buchans' home is Elsfield Manor, near Oxford*

The Countess of Cromer's *husband has been Lord Chamberlain of the Household since 1922; the Jubilee celebrations will be giving him one of his heaviest year's work since his appointment. Lady Cromer is Mary, Lady Minto's second daughter; she married Lord Cromer in 1908, when he was still Viscount Errington; they have one son of seventeen and two daughters*

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

As you read this, on the Wednesday morning in Easter Week—assuming you can read—we are bidding a smiling good-morning to a little actress in the lounge of a seaside hotel; a dear, dumb little West End actress, with big, appealing blue eyes and a dainty little oval, pinky face, like a very expensive little Bond Street Easter egg. She was there last year, and the year before, and she will be there again this year, God forbid, saying good-morning to us in the lounge; and as in previous years, a spate of gay, epigrammatic talk will follow.

"Bit cold this morning, don't you think?"

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Colder than it was this time last year, don't you think?"

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Glass seems to be going down, though. We may get a bit of rain before lunch."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Well, it looks like rain before lunch to us; and-look-here-would-you-mind-very much-for-Heaven's-sake-if-we-gave-that-sweet-dumb-little-egg-head-of-yours-a-gentle-crack-with-something-and-got-a-few-chocolates-out-some-time?"

We don't actually propose this wild step, because, by this time, we have smiled with casual grace and passed to the breakfast table, a song on our lips and agony in our hearts. But each morning we think desperately of something to give the conversation a novel and interesting twist; and one of these fine Easters, Heaven helping us, we 'll say it.

A story about our Mr. A. G. Macdonell, the handsomest book critic in captivity, follows immediately.

No Faltering Here

A. G. Macdonell, when he edited the *Spectator* for fun, in his wilder and more careless days, was constantly pestered by actresses, English and French, especially French. You would overhear a couple of stars of the Folies or the Variétés chattering bird-like to each other on the boulevard, as French actresses do, "Ma chère, c'est épatant, elle a plaqué son vieux," etc., and the very next day, to their joint annoyance, they would find each other in the *Spectator* office, casting languishing œillades at A. G. Macdonell. Firmly, with cold, exquisite charm, his classic profile hard with pity and disapproval, he would have them hauled out and put on the next Calais boat. Then, one day, Sarah Bernhardt herself swept in and implored him to fly with her to the Azores.

"Mon amour," sobbed the great actress. "Mon roi."

A. G. Macdonell folded his arms with icy dignity.

"Madame," he said, speaking the tongue of Racine with consummate ease, "quelle sorte d'un pourrisseur me prenez-vous pour?"

Bernhardt at once rushed back to Paris in an agony of tears. That night she played *La Dame aux Camélias* as she had never played it before, except between 1845 and 1918.

"Hullo! Lost your latchkey?"

Rustle of Spring

The ferment of April, bubbling in the veins of an Anglican rural dean the other day, moved him to advocate the smashing of some of the Victorian stained-glass which adorns a lot of churches. He said it was ugly, crude, and distracting to the congregation; to which at least one commentator made the obvious retort that if the congregation got the right stuff it wouldn't be distracted. But, on the other hand, there is a great deal of innocent pleasure, as children and undergraduates know, to be got out of smashing glass, and provided a trustworthy artist is there to advise, we don't see why a rural dean shouldn't have his fun within reason.

The great thing is to know exactly when and where to use the hammer. In the eighteenth century the Chapter of Chartres Cathedral went artistic and smashed a couple of their most priceless mediæval windows in order to illuminate a distressing new marble group by Bridan. During the Terror some fool saved this monument from destruction by playfully crowning it with a red cap of Liberty. Nobody thought of tapping *him* with a hammer, and Bridan's statuary is still there, disfiguring the most marvellous Gothic choir in France.

Arrangement in Glass

It seems incredible, but a lot of people have been worrying Auntie *Times* recently about the Crystal Palace. They were actually anxious to decide whether the full honour of designing the place belongs to Brunel, Paxton, or Henderson, the three persons chiefly responsible for what numbers of nicely brought-up people must consider a very wilful and naughty piece of behaviour.

Our position with regard to the Crystal Palace coincides with Max Beerbohm's position regarding the Colonies—the only feeling it inspires in us is a fixed determination never to go near it. We 're certainly not snobs about it, like Manet, or Monet, or Whistler, or whoever it was who used to lower his cab blinds when in sight of it— or are we

"Roger, dear, isn't this the most marvellous reception?"

thinking of the Eiffel Tower? If you ask us, the Crystal Palace fills a want. Where else could you more fittingly park 500 wild brass bands, all roaring at once, or fifty indomitable choirs of 10,000 voices each, braying the *Messiah*?

Far more interpretative of the Victorian mind, in our opinion, is the Tower Bridge, which is of fancy iron sham-Gothic. If we're not mistaken, H. G. Wells once called this the vulgarest and most typical exploit of modern England. Even the sham-Gothic of the Law Courts and the Houses of Parliament, whose frills are of stone, can't compete with this work of Belial. If it were as madly inspired or as frenziedly grotesque in its ugliness as, say, that towering, unfinished ferro-concrete basilica at Barcelona, or the railway station of Rouen, or half-a-dozen other modern monstrosities up and down Europe, it might be endured. But that's just it: the Tower Bridge hasn't a spark of inspiration about it. It's just plumb mean, and we don't know what on earth to do about it. Do you?

Poet

THE dons and the pedants are beginning to gush over Horace, the two-thousandth anniversary of whose birth occurs this year—or doesn't, according to Dr. Glover, of Cambridge, who says classical people can't use simple arithmetic. Anyway, Horace was born on December 8th, B.C.65, in the Consulate of Manlius, and if we can't make that an excuse once or twice this year for a bottle and a bird—not to mention a little innocent romping with the girls down on our Sabine farm—we're not the care-free hearties you take us for.

There is a recently formed Horatian Society in London, now we remember it, which gathers at intervals for decorous junketings and homage. Whenever we read of these symposia we grin like a thousand Hyrcanian devils, thinking how the sudden presence of Horace and his girls would embarrass that polite assembly; the more so because its members probably agree with the virtuous Dr. Verrall that Horace's amours were all imaginary and his licence merely poetic. Do they? We wouldn't know. It's a typically nice-minded, middle-class Anglo-Saxon idea, anyway. We came across it a little time ago in a delicious study of Horace by a modern French scholar, and we needn't tell you how it amused that cynical Gaul.

A bottle of vintage Burgundy (not Falernian, which, in our experience, must have gone off a bit since Horace's time); a bird; a pocket volume of Horace (with or without crib); and enough Glyceras, Lalages, and Phyllises to go round—that's the way to celebrate Horace's bimillenary. And you can leave out the pocket volume.

Gifts from Midas

MR. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JUN.'s recent gift of six historic old French tapestries, at present in the Cluny, to the Metropolitan Museum in New York has been taken pretty calmly by the French Press, we observe. Our own Press boys work themselves periodically into frenzies of patriotic emotion whenever precious manuscripts or incunabula pass from their place behind the gilt grill-work of some British millionaire's library to their place behind the gilt grill-work of the library of some American millionaire. The great apathetic public, with its big, blank, white face, has never heard of the things, does not care two hoots either way, preserves a stoic calm, and gets on with the racing news.

Giving pictures or art-collections to the Nation is a different matter. They belong henceforth to the public, in a way, and may be viewed by them in galleries, when it is raining. Almost equally shared by the public are those châteaux of the Loire which belong to wealthy tradesmen, like the late M. Menier, or to the lady who has so

"Well, I tell you we ain't buying any snakes, anyway"

admirably filled the great Château of Langeais—correct us if wrong—with accurate "period" furniture and what-nots. Barring the charge for admittance, the populace can be said to enjoy national treasures like these for nothing.

We have always envied the very rich this ability to share their treasures with the commonalty, and if we had a great art-collection we should certainly give (or, rather, lend) it to the Nation at once, knowing that thereby we were not only generously elevating the public mind and developing its æsthetic sense, but having our collection carefully stored, cleaned, insured, valued, and guarded at the expense of the taxpayer.

Traffic in the Wilds

A FARMER'S recent letter to the papers expressing the wild hope that there won't be so many of they blasted hikers this spring, reminds us of the embarrassing amount of overlapping, so to speak, in the wild-wood at present.

A keen, if myopic, Robin Hood Rambler told us that one day last summer, as he was giving the Woodland Cry and rallying the fellows, he whirled his little axe thrice round his head and drove it into a large tree-stump near by. The tree-stump leaped six feet in the air with a piercing yell, and began to crawl away. It was one of Miss Fretfull's Arboreal Aunts, who spend long hours crouching and inhaling the Life Force, with their lips pressed to the roots of some gnarled old oak.

He thinks the Aunts ought to have a triangle in three bright colours painted on that portion of them which invites the incautious axe. We think he is right, except that it doesn't much matter.

We Apologise

AT the end of a little story we printed the other week—to be exact, on February 20—we referred you, in our casual, irrelevant way, to the Mayor of West Hartlepool. We didn't mean you to take us literally, for we just quoted the first important personage that came into our mind. We wish now we 'd said the ex-Shah of Persia or the President of Liberia, or any other potentate out of range of the Postmaster-General. Because we 're very upset to hear that the Mayor of West Hartlepool has been bothered, and not unnaturally annoyed, by enquiries from the literal-minded. We owe him an apology, and here and now, in all contrition, we make it. THE BYSTANDERS.

"He 's just like a father to me"

". . . And her eight o'clock bottle? Did she finish it?"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 28.—Ely Culbertson

SINCE writers first penned, we have read
Of bridges well known unto fame—
The Pons Asinorum of old
Is an instance I 'd quote of the same;
And then there 's the bridge upon which
Horatius faced fearful odds
In that rough-house with Tuscany toughs
Which sent him and his pals to their gods.

Another of which bards have sung
Stands under the blue, Venice skies—
The "Ponte Sopori," to wit;
In other words, chicks, "Bridge of Sighs";
Whilst, to come to a more recent time,
An author who 's famous to-day
Achieved a best-seller when he
Wrote of one called the "San Luis Rey."

These bridges, though famous, do not
Inspire Brother Ely one dam',
For the only one HE cares about
Is the bridge that 's concerned with a slam.
But with poesy, fervour, and fire
On Contract he writes books galore,
For in his opinion, THIS Bridge
Is so fine it is well worth a "score"!

B. W.

On the Way To Midnight

A Birthday-Party and Some Others at the Blue Train

Photographs by Swaebe

Lady Cecilia Wellesley, the birthday queen of the evening, was nineteen just before Easter, and her mother gave a party for her in celebration at the Blue Train. Here she is talking to Mr. John Smiley

Above: Mr. F. A. Evans and Countess Cowley, Lady Cecilia Wellesley's mother, who was the hostess of the birthday-party

Left: Sir Basil Kemball-Cooke and his Russian wife, who still has the longest short hair of anyone in London

Below: Mrs. Dudley Ward is with the Marquis de Casa Maury, who had just seen "Skylark," the French flying comedy film, well into its run at the Curzon

Above: Lady Carnarvon was in another Blue Train party on the same extension night; her companion in conversation is Mr. James Hamilton

Right: Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis, always one of the most attractive people in any room, is dancing with Mr. Jim Lawrence

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

ENORMOUS elongated battle-axes, with blue and yellow twirly stripes, have, these last ten days, been lining the route to be taken by the Jubilee Procession. Mayfairers with guilty consciences look up in awe at these axes, as though they might fall and decapitate them for their sins. Those who look especially nervously at them include two Countesses, one Viscountess, several Ladies, and several who are not.

THE South African cricket side is over here, and in general outlook and deportment have already proved themselves more sociable than the Australians, who possibly were under a strong ban as regards conversation. The British Sportsman's Club gave them a luncheon at the Savoy before Easter: Lord Decies was well to the fore. I wonder when we shall hear news of the engagement of his very attractive daughter, Miss Moyra Beresford? She, like Miss Susan Henderson, about whom there are also engagement rumours, would not be dependent upon her husband's earnings: they are both attractively endowed.

WHAT fun there is going to be on Thursday night (May 2nd) at the Ritz! Eighty-one-year-old director, Mr. Alfred Holland, and some of his younger co-directors, of whom Lord Lurgan is beloved by all, will view with delight the illuminated orange-trees which Captain Frank Covell is arranging to plant in the restaurant. He will be compère to the new cabaret and, if necessary, will provide a turn himself. There is no doubt that Jubilee year is making itself felt, with such an innovation in this stronghold of dignity.

Below: Lady Furness and her twin sister, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, looking at the portrait of themselves which Paul Trebilcock has painted, and which is hanging in the New York National Academy. She and her sister are running a dress shop over there called Sonia

Right: Mr. Leonard Govett, who hasn't appeared in our pages since the St. Moritz days, is with the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu. They were with her husband and some others at the Café de Paris

Two Lovely Sisters in Duplicate

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM gave a beautiful performance of the Prelude and Liebestod to *Tristan and Isolde* at the last Sunday concert of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which we will hear each night for the next six weeks at Covent Garden. *Tristan* always moves the audience to look soulful, and, unless one has a particularly bovine mentality, it is very moving music. Was not Liszt's last word on this earth a murmured "Tristan"? I relate this quite realising that I am inviting an open letter from Mr. Ernest Newman which I should be quite unable to shut up.

THE lighting of Covent Garden is to be a great feature this year. Dr. Erhardt, the producer, has brought over a very talented German woman, who does some clever juggling on the magic-lantern principle. I am told that it will revolutionise scene-designing. Conchita Supervia has been resting at Rustington, among the orchids which Mr. Ben Rubenstein, her husband, grows in such profusion. Josephine Wray is not to take part in the Rhinemaiden's annual water carnival. She will be Freia, Goddess of Earth, instead. All those Wagnerian goddesses seemed to get into some sort of trouble with

Bassano

Mrs. John Christie

Was photographed at home at Glyndebourne, Sussex, where her husband is again running a Mozart opera season in June. She was Audrey St. John Mildmay before her marriage four years ago, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. St. John Mildmay, of Vancouver

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(Continued)*

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Wotan, that wicked old humbug, with his wall-eye. Luckily, we are to hear Bockelmann's wonderful bass-baritone in the part.

MAESTRO TOYE (now nicknamed Mascagni, from his likeness to the great Italian composer) spent the Easter holiday in Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour, probably reading extracts from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*. Brother Francis (Toye, not "of Assisi") is due to go to Florence for the musical festival, which is considered to be the most beautiful in Europe. G. K. Chesterton is to be one of the lecturers.

NEWS from America informs me that Lady Warwick has been a great success in New York, which must be very gratifying to her husband, who is so proud of her elfin beauty. Mrs. (Harriet) Harriman, who, on her arrival, found herself to be lacking 29 per cent. thyroid, has evidently made it up, and reports that she is feeling great again. One can get a lovely dress for five pounds, and all the smart young things are either hostesses or are singing in night-clubs, making a great deal of money. Let us hope that this will not mean a recurrence in London of the "Dancing Debutantes."

THOSE who have read the book *Burned Bridges*, by Nichevo, will not have much difficulty in recognising the author. I gather he did not wish to commercialise his princely rank: I am sure the first person to recognise his identity was Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower. Mr. Michael Arlen is about in Mayfair again; besides his literary talent, he has developed a great flair for high finance. Nor have his conversational powers waned, and as he sometimes repeats with emphasis the last two words of each sentence, he gives the impression to his hearers of being a worldly sage. We certainly could not picture him living in a dog-kennel in the mountains, as did the wise men of old.

THE theatrical world has been rather quiet lately: Miss Olga Lynn's "linnets" (Lady Patricia Latham and Mrs. Tanis Montagu are among them) sang with distinction at Lady Anglesey's house last week. Mrs. Charles Cartwright cheered them on their way with one of her rare smiles, and Mr. Johnny MacMullen clapped whenever he should have done. Perhaps these notes should have followed on the musical ones, but they are helped in the theatrical sense, too. At the Vaudeville Theatre the best turn in Charlot's *Char-a-bang!* is that of Mr. Reginald Gardiner, when he conducts Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours." Mr. Sidney Beer, who has been in retreat at Highclere Castle since his return from New York, is sure to make a special effort to see it. Perhaps Mr. Gardiner, on the strength of this performance, will get an evening conducting the Ballet, which is now in Monte Carlo. Mr. Arnold Haskell has pursued it there, and is as eulogistic as ever about Baronova and Toumanova.

THOSE who like still-life pictures should look in at Arthur Tooth's Galleries, and see the various ways in which lobsters, with mandolines accompanying them, are depicted. There are also some very good lines in grapes, done by the French and Dutch school of the seventeenth century. One of the exhibits comes from the collection of Mr. "Eddie" Baron, whose wife has recently had her portrait painted by Mr. Simon Elwes.

THE Archduke Albrecht of Hungary is coming over to London this summer. He has the looks of a Hollywood film star, huge estates in Hungary, great riches, and is a bachelor, which is good news for some of the debutantes and their mothers.

LORD WESTMORLAND is a very keen worker in the cause of charity. He is organising a dance and cabaret on

Lady Reading

Was the president of the reception-dress parade in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. Her jockey-cap was slate grey, with an amusing feather cockade

Miss Peta Davis

A twenty-first birthday sketch of Peta Davis who had a party for the occasion at the Savoy. She wore pink chiffon that evening, and orchids on her shoulder

● *Next Week*

Our Annual

FLYING NUMBER

Full of interesting Special Articles and Pictures

● This Week

GETTING MARRIED . . .

pages B and C before the Frontispiece.

"Bystander" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes

pages 174-175.

behalf of the Feathers Club, to be held at the Dorchester on June 13th. What he describes as a "sensational cabaret" will be given during the evening. At the Big Ben Ball on May 2nd, which has Lady Eltisley as chairman, "Les Girls" of Grosvenor House are appearing, which is sure to bring the Conservative M.P.s rallying round.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

ARRANGEMENTS for the Jubilee celebrations are now practically completed, and we 've learnt the names of some of our Indian visitors. Among them is the great "Ranji's" nephew, the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who is combining the Jubilee with his honeymoon, as he was married last month. His wife, who is the daughter of the Maharao of Sirobi, is a very good landscape artist, and she apparently intends to put in quite a lot of work with her paint-brush. The Maharaja of Kashmir is another visitor. He is to take part in the procession, and in his off-time will be found playing polo with his wonderful and well-known team, that he is bringing over with him. Included in it is Captain Tony Sanger, who is in an Indian Cavalry regiment, and who is probably a far better player than most of our "chaps" here. The Maharaja of Jaipur is another whom we shall see playing polo this summer. He is coming on his own, and not bringing that team that defeated us at every turn two years ago. He is reputed to be going to play in the same team as Sir Harold Wernher.

ONE of the big social events just before the Jubilee will be the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 30th, of Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell and Major Casey. A small page, attired in the Royals' uniform of many years ago (Major Casey was in the Royals himself), will be the only male attendant in the retinue. Among the small girls will be two of Lord and Lady Scarsdale's children, and Audrey Congreve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Congreve, and granddaughter of the late Sir Walter Congreve. The bride's two sisters will bring up the rear, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, who is well known to us all, and the youngest, Miss Patricia Eyres-Monsell. She has not, as yet, burst forth on the gay world; but we definitely think she will add to its gaiety when she does.

WE noticed, as Mr. Edward Underdown walked down Bond Street the other morning, that the buckle on the belt of his Jaeger coat had ceased to be of any use, and that he had been caused to tie the belt in as neat a knot as possible. Another actor out that morning was Mr. George Curzon (we had no cause to remark on his attire), walking briskly, in spite of a strong head-wind, in the same street. Smart as ever was Sir Archie Weigall, just returned with family and all from a visit to Australia, where he has many friends that he made during his term of office as Governor of South Australia some years ago. Lady Brougham and Vaux seems to take her turn at the "wheel," like other mothers. She has been spotted pushing Master Brougham in the Park in his pure white pram. Talking of prams and parks, we think Lady Ruthven must have been keeping her eye open for a grandchild or two as she walked beside the Row the other afternoon. Ambling down Curzon Street was Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, and, by contrast, when we arrived (considerably before him) in Berkeley Square, we saw, hurrying along, that attractive Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth, who is so much sought after as a mannequin.

LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER was obviously either hungry or late for a date the other morning about lunch time. She wouldn't wait for her taxi to go "the round" and draw up at the door of the Ritz. She leapt into mid-stream in Piccadilly and ran across, avoiding buses in the neatest manner. On another day, when we were lucky enough to be inside the Ritz instead of standing patiently waiting for the right bus on the kerb outside, we saw Lord Westmorland greeting friends in a foreign manner. Lady Carisbrooke was one; she was lunching later in a large party, including Colonel Wilfred Egerton. Two of our lovely young-marrieds were lunching together that day, Lady Jersey and Lady Dufferin and Ava, both looking most attractive in black (Lady Jersey had her silver-fox cape with her), and both looking much thinner. Miss Evelyn Laye, in green, and her husband, Mr. Frank Lawton, walked in together and sat in the window, practically next-door to the table where Mr. Cunninghame-Graham (author) was entertaining friends.

MRS. PEEPS

Right: Leonora Corbett was one of the mannequins at the British Empire Cancer Campaign dress parade, and was sketched in a large picture hat which she showed

Below, left: Gweneth Butler, who went out to Vienna to skate in the World Championships there, is appearing in the cabaret at the Debutantes' Ball in June

Below: Mrs. Gerald Glover was chairman of the British Empire Cancer Campaign reception committee. She wore a little white satin hat, and a black dress with touches of white on it

Miss Gweneth Butler

Mrs. Gerald Glover

Miss Leonora Corbett

Lady Flavia Anderson and Miss Ann Coats of Sundrum watched the Scottish Grand National being run at Bogside. Lady Flavia and her husband, whose baby son has just recovered from a serious illness, live at Stewarton, in Ayrshire

At the Bogside Meeting

Lady Dumfries and Miss Rosario Scrope who were photographed sitting in the paddock, are both pretty expert on horses, Rosario Scrope especially having an eye for a winner

Miss Zoe and Miss Maud Orr come from North Berwick; Maud is a debutante and her sister was presented last year at Holyrood. Their elder sister has just got engaged to George Walker, of Newark Castle, Ayr

A Racing Reverie

The Craven in a Gale

By "Regular"

DESPITE the gale, which nearly knocked us over, the Craven Meeting was the greatest possible fun. It is always enjoyable to get back to Newmarket. Except on Guineas and Cesarewitch days, the assembly are fully aware of the dignity of racing; they go racing because they love the sport, and not in order to be about the bar, throwing plates and getting "stinko."

THERE was a very representative gathering of Regulars present to usher in a new season at Headquarters, and I must hand it to the good-lookers who contrived to look spick and span and desirable in the howling gale. Fur coats, tweeds and Wembleys were the order of the day, and very necessary they were, too.

I HAVE no doubt that if we confined our betting to the two-year-old races at this time of year, we should all make money. Human nature being what it is, however, we meddle with intricate handicaps, with the result that Mrs. Vernet will go to Ascot better dressed than ever.

WHEN Mr. Fawcett has spent nights with cold towels round his head, and at last serves up the finished article to his liking, surely we are all manner of b.f.s to try and pick holes in his work. The Free Handicap is his chef d'œuvre of the season, and yet we found crowds of people round the rails who presumably thought they knew better than he did. Amongst them was the Mem, who received a sharp piece of my mind. Unfortunately for me, however, the medium of her speculation, Knighted, won at 100 to 8, and at the moment I am appreciating the wisdom of the words that a prophet is never received in his own country.

KNIGHTED is surely the most remarkable horse in training. Starting his career last April by scrambling home in an "Ally Pally" seller, at the conclusion of his two-year-old career the official handicapper thinks so highly of him that he gives him 8 st. 12 lb. in the Free Handicap. Even then, Knighted proved that he had underrated him, winning the race very comfortably by two lengths. Every time Knighted wins he pays a tribute to the judgment of Mrs. Vandy Beatty, who bid a monkey for him after his initial success.

KNIGHTED is a triumph for the training ability of Percy Alden. I have never seen a horse carry more muscle than he did last Wednesday. Second to Knighted was an even humbler plater in Jumbo Jolliffe's little filly Clematis, whom the Captain had purchased out of a seller for 360 guineas. He was good enough to tell me that she was bound to run well, and her trainer, Herbert Smyth, told me that he would gladly part with one of his most essential limbs to win the race. A furlong or so from home, little Clematis, having beaten off Caretta, looked all over a winner, but Knighted put in an overwhelming rush in the last furlong. I always like to see little stables to the fore in big races and Knighted and Clematis, from Allden's and Herbert Smyth's little stables, beat the big-wigs pointless. Caretta showed great speed, and the race should have done her good. She should win the One Thousand.

FOR a horse who had never done a stripped gallop in his life to win the Craven Stakes must be a record, but Lord Glanely's Buckleigh, the three-lengths winner of this year's race, had never done one. So sick and sorry and apparently useless was this 5000-guinea purchase in his two-year-old days, that the death sentence was passed on him.

BUCKLEIGH managed to live that down, however, but it was his Lordship's intention to sell him, nevertheless. Now he has won the Craven Stakes and will, I presume, if all goes well, start one of the favourites for the Guineas, his only remaining classic engagement. Truly racing is a funny game, though often it takes one all one's time to see the humour of it.

WE all flocked to see Zingaro, who had been talked into being no end of a horse. Right well he ran, too, for a long way, but he failed to come down the hill, and although the race should have brought him on, it will not cure his two splints, and I can never see him coming down the hill at Epsom, except very slowly. Furthermore, he will always need soft going. Hindoo Holiday ran very well, and Maltravers will be winning over a shorter distance.

THE Column Produce Stakes was won by Tiderace, who had run second to Sea Bequest at Liverpool. The latter subsequently fairly bustled up Easton at only a fraction better than weight for age at Lingfield, so we can take it the form is pretty good.

LORD ASTOR ran a grand horse in the making in Portfolio, by a Derby winner in Sansovino, out of an Oaks winner in Short Story. This colt may not be at his very best till the autumn, as he is still backward. Dick wisely rode him very tenderly, never once showing him the whip. If he had set about him, he might conceivably have just won, but at the same time a very good horse might have been ruined, and Dick is to be complimented on his forbearance, while those who criticised him should be given half a dozen with the whip, to show them what it feels like. Ben Marshall ran sourly, and I fear he has no love for the game.

FRANK BUTTERS introduced us to two smart two-year-olds in Badr Ul Molk, and New Radnor, and both won in the style we expect this great trainer's horses to win, Everybody seemed to know they were much expected, so their victories may be said to have been very popular. Both will win again and if he trys one 10 lb. in front of either, I hope I shall be on.

I AM delighted to welcome Prince Aly Khan home, fit and well, from what sounded a marvellous winter in various parts of the globe. I hope he will continue to treat us to more like Antar II. That one was very jolly. How I love to see the best horse win when I've backed it and Mrs. Vernet has laid me four points over the odds!

Lady Hamilton—by Romney
From the collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild

Diana Churchill—by John Everard, after Romney

Old Masters of 1935

"Look Here, Upon This Picture, And On This"

Miss Diana Churchill, who is playing in "The Dominant Sex," at the Aldwych Theatre, has posed for John Everard's series of modern "Old Masters" in the character of Lady Hamilton, as Romney painted her. That there is an extraordinary resemblance between the sitter for the brush and the camera none can deny

Frederick I. of Prussia Inspects His Grenadiers

The "Old King" of the film is Frederick I. of Prussia, played by Emil Jannings, and the story is that of the struggle between him and his son, later Frederick the Great, during the latter's early manhood. Here the old King inspects his enormously tall Grenadiers: Emil Jannings is himself over six feet, and his soldiers are all a head taller

The Future Frederick the Great Take

Frederick I. (Emil Jannings) takes a stick to the (Werner Hinz) in one of their innumerable disputes Frederick on his son. The young man was finally dr this attempt his father would have punished by dea

"The Old a Young Ki

Emil Jannings Has a Fi Historical Film That T With Becoming Se

Left: Emil Jannings is said to have the finest part of his career as Frederick I. of Prussia, whose wife was Sophia-Dorothea of England, daughter of George I., and whose son became Prussia's greatest soldier and military administrator. "The Old and the Young King" was made in Berlin, under the direction of Hans Steinhoff; it has been shown all over the Continent and is now running in Paris. Its London première takes place at the Curzon next week

a Paternal Thrashing

-headed, rebellious Crown Prince
r the rigid discipline imposed by
n to try and escape to England;
had not the Emperor interceded

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The Crown Prince Pleads for His Friend's Life

After his attempted flight from Prussia, the Crown Prince's great friend, Lieutenant Katte (played by Claus Clausen), who went with him, is condemned to death. Frederick pleads with von Rochow (Theador Loos) to stop the execution, but to no avail; he himself is forced to watch his friend being beheaded

Right: the Crown Prince (Werner Hinz) and his sister, Wilhelmine (Marie-Luise Claudius) make music together. Both of them are passionately fond of it, but even when they are free to pass their time as they please, their lives are overshadowed by the tyranny of the old King, their father

The Art of the Camera

Two interesting studies by Mario Bucovich which are confirmation of the strides in artistry which photography is making. The study above is called "Thought," and that on the left "Repose"

"Do You Sing It and I'll Dance It"

MUCH ADO, iii. 4.

Margaret Sande in *Stop Press*

Photographs by Houston Rogers

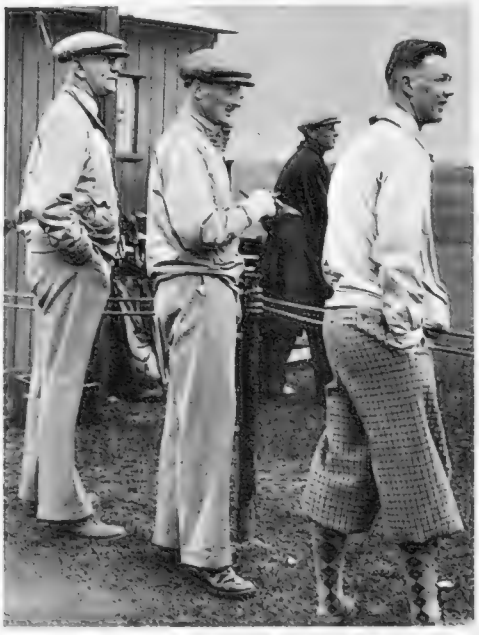
THE dancing in this revue at the Adelphi is fully worthy to be set against the background of the superlatively good décor and lighting. Margaret Sande is the shining star here; she is a beautiful dancer, with much poise and serenity, and an attractive, intelligent face. With Robert Helpmann (from Sadler's Wells) as partner, she dances an illustration of the songs that Gordon Little sings in the "Lonely Heart Column" and "Sequin Serenade" numbers; she and he are also the soloists in that exciting, barbaric affair, "Revolt in Cuba"

"Lonely Heart Column"

As well as appearing in "Stop Press," Margaret Sande is Charles Collins's partner in the Dorchester cabaret; they do a "ball-room dancing" act, which consists of a most graceful and rhythmic waltz

The Big Round-Up of Public School

Mr. Halford-Hewitt, patron saint of all golfing Old Boys, talking to C. Morley Brown and D. S. Chetwood, the Felstedians' second pair, who lost by 3 and 2 to their Carthusian opponents



Three Old Cheltonians: D. H. E. McCowen, J. H. Coxwell Rogers, and K. Ryle watching the start of a match. Their side were beaten 3 and 2 by the Wykehamists in the first round

A. Walker (Harrow) stands between the Oundelian pair, C. L. Sutcliffe and K. W. Konstam, by whom he and his partner, P. Gold, were beaten by one hole The Harrovians won the match, however

J. S. Stephenson, J. S. O. Haslewood, A. T. Barber, and Alan Macbeth were four of the Old Salopians eight who met Charterhouse, the holders, in the finals and lost the noble struggle by four matches to one

Five Old Whitgiftians

Above: R. A. Sheppard and Graham Carr, pair No. 1, F. Leeman, and H. F. Smith and D. G. Wright, pair No. 3, of the Whitgiftians, who were put out in the third round by the Old Wellingtonians

Left: A. P. W. Bowley and R. W. C. Hobbs (Marlburians) and J. C. Church and J. M. B. Poyntz (Stoics) met in the second round. The Stoic pair lost by 3 and 2

Right: another Stoic pair were P. H. G. Smith and D. A. T. Carson, who lost by 6 and 5 to their Marlburian enemies. Their side were beaten by five to nothing

Golfers : the Halford-Hewitt Cup at Deal

F. V. Lowe and F. G. Mirfield played for the Old Marlburians. They were undefeated till the fourth round, when their side lost 4—1 to the Old Salopians

W. B. Torrance and Stuart Cruickshank were the Watsonians' No. 3 pair. Their side, last year's runners-up, were beaten in the fourth round by the Rugbeians

Three Old Shirburnians, R. P. H. Stables, J. C. Gurney, and his partner, J. A. Beer, in solemn conference; Mr. R. C. Bluhm is on the right. The Shirburnians were first-round losers, by 3 and 2 to the Malvernians

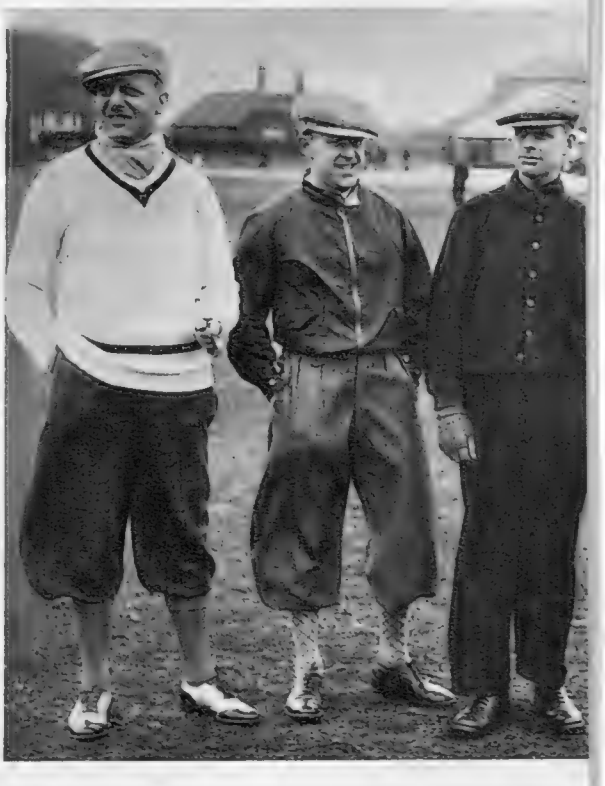
● More Pictures in next week's "Bystander"

Right: E. M. Wellings (Old Cheltonians) talking to his opposite number in the first round, G. A. Loveday (Winchester). Loveday and his partner won by 4 and 2

Below: R. McKinna and T. A. Torrance (Watsonians) and R. S. Belasco and A. Raworth (Alleynians) took their battle to the nineteenth in the first round, when the Watsonians' No. 1 pair won the match

Right: James Brock and his partner, Walter Murray (Watsonians) have R. E. G. Johnson, one of their Alleynian opponents, standing between them. They won their match by 6 and 5 in the first round

Below, right: L. C. Nunnely (Malvern), F. H. B. Shaw (Sherborne), B. Drew, the Royal Cinque Ports' secretary, and G. Wightman (Sherborne). The Sherborne pair beat Nunneley and his partner by one hole



Virginia Hughes-Onslow

Elizabeth Charrington

Joan Legh Jones

Pamela Bowring Toms

Debutantes of 1935: Four More "Jubilee Girls"

Virginia Hughes-Onslow *is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Laggan, Ballantrae, Ayrshire, and was presented at the first Court by her mother, who is giving a dance with Mrs. Alexander Balfour for her and Margaret Balfour on July 11. Her father used to be in the Irish Guards*

Elizabeth Charrington *is the second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harold Charrington, and went to the second Court last month with her mother. Colonel Charrington used to command the Royal Lancers; his wife is a sister of Major-General Sir George Jeffreys, who has the Southern Command in India*

Joan Legh Jones *is going to Court in June, and is having a dance given for her and Maribel Sedgwick Rough by her mother and Mrs. Sedgwick Rough, on June 21st. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. George Legh Jones, who have a house in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and also property in San Francisco*

Pamela Bowring Toms *went to the first Court. She is the daughter of Mrs. Edward Bowring Toms, who is going to be joint-hostess on May 20th with Mrs. Keith Barlow, when they are giving a dance for their daughters. Mrs. Barlow has two to entertain for, Jean and Cynthia*

Photographs by Bassano, Hay Wrightson and Kay Vaughan

John Radnor on "Rugger"

A Last Look At This Season, With An Eye on the Internationals of Next

If one excepts the Seven-a-sides, which have now spread all over the country, and possibly Rugby's part in a Jubilee Sports Festival, for which the Rugby Union has granted a special dispensation, the season 1934-35 has come to an end.

It has not been one of the great seasons—but how many are? It has not even been a very promising season, looking ahead to 1935-36, with the Big Black Wolf from New Zealand always in mind—but then, the difference between promise and performance often is so vast that the happy-go-lucky British mind, in sport as in other things, is quite content to wait and see what the future brings. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we enjoy our games so much. The words "sport" and "according to plan" do not really go hand in hand.

And—who knows?—we *may* give the All-Blacks as many shocks as we may give ourselves pleasant surprises. After all, in 1924, we possessed an International team of long experience and many talents—and by "we," I mean England—who failed, unless I am greatly mistaken, because, as a whole, the team was not fighting fit, and was, in the case of some of its leading members, definitely past its best. It was significant that, later in the same season, there was, first, a narrow victory over a very poor Welsh team, at Twickenham; next, a drawn game at Dublin; and lastly, a defeat on the new ground of the Scottish Union at Murrayfield. In the following season, the record was still worse—only one victory, over France, at Twickenham.

The great days of the New Rugby and Voyce, Wakefield, Blakiston, and Company were over. We are still struggling to understand why the Ordinary cannot achieve what the Exceptional managed to do until fitter and younger men cried a halt.

THE unqualified successes of 1934-35, indeed, most of those capped by the four Home Unions, whether they were unqualified successes or not, have been freely discussed on this page of the BYSTANDER.

What, however, of the Great Uncapped? The Selectors, next autumn and winter, are almost certain to pin their faith to experience so far as they can—and who would blame them for that?—but some new blood will have to be tested and chances taken, as in the recent cases of Heaton and Leyland of England, young Hewitt of Ireland, and Shaw and Murdoch of Scotland. Unfortunately, a New Zealand tour is all over, bar the inquests, by the time that the ordinary International season begins. Selectors, therefore, will need to be good judges of men if they are not to fall into howling errors. Their memories will have to extend back to the form of this season—and this, of course, applies to the capped as well as the uncapped—and I hope, almost prayerfully, that the International Trials will count less in their minds than personal judgments reached at the end of certain key club and county matches, the tougher the better, and, above all, after a careful study of Barbarian form.

No finer trial of a player, in my opinion, could be obtained than in the Barbarians' matches at Leicester and Northampton or during the Easter tour of South Wales. Had the Scottish Union, for example, accepted this opinion, they would not have missed Todd as a stand-off player a season or so ago, and very nearly wasted the services of Shaw in the same position. The Welsh clubs may be as bad as most people say, but, on their own grounds, at any rate, they are still hard to beat. A young player who wins his spurs against them has not won something negligible.

It may be argued that county form can be very deceptive—that the case of Heaton shows how a match-winner for Lancashire can be a comparative cypher for England. Admitted, though Heaton's beautiful running may yet make a fool of us on the wing, if not in the centre.

Then there are the examples of men like H. L. Faviell, the Harlequin, and E. C. Unwin, of the Army and Rosslyn Park, a grand old sporting club, with the best of all presidents, which, strangely enough, produces very few players of the highest class. Both very nearly became England wings this season, and both, in the opinion of many people, would have made up in pace and dash what they lacked in polish and finesse. It by no means follows that, because his club ended up by being the side of the season, Faviell would have been a success in International football, but the experience might have made him for next season.

OF the younger centres, H. P. Crabtree, of Richmond, was disappointing, just when he seemed to be heading for a place alongside Cranmer in an England side. P. L. Candler, the Cambridge centre, whose backing-up of Wooller was one of the features of the University match, became an emergency stand-off for his country. It is to be hoped that his lack of success as partner to a Giles overplayed by Powell — which strongly suggests that Giles must be as slow as the heeling of his forwards—has not sapped all belief in his developing abilities. G. E. C. Hudson, the Harlequin, holds out even higher promise as an attacking centre, while among the comparatively unknown mid-field players, both centres, none pleased me, personally, more than C. M. Squire, of St. Mary's Hospital.

By the way, though this has much more to do with the position of full-back than centre, do not let us forget that H. G. Owen-Smith, another member of the strongest team ever fielded by "Mary's," *may* be his old self again next season—and genius tells, even if it shocks our preconceived notions of what ought to be done by the last line of the defence in Rugby.

Were there any more three-quarters good enough to be marked down as Just Possibles? Well, there was a likely Gloucester pair in F. G. Edwards and L. C. Watkins and—great heavens! I nearly forgot—the Harlequin runner, A. G. Butler. I should not like to bet heavily against there being three or four Harlequins in the next English team, in marked contrast to a total absence of any representation this season. Dunkley, as I have written before, was definitely unlucky to be passed over as a forward leader, while C. Thompson, who reached a Trial, looked just the right type of man for the front row.

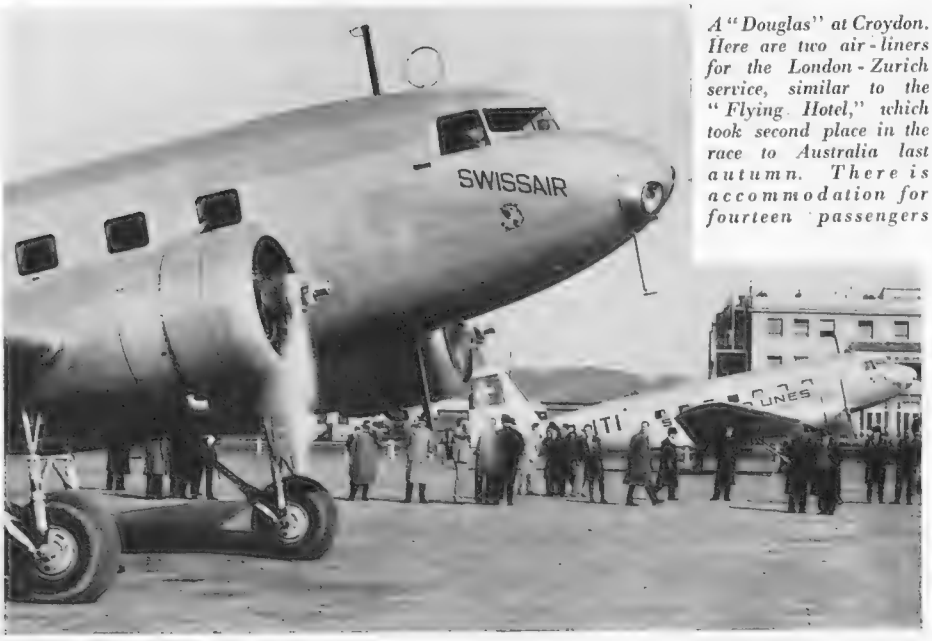
I am afraid I am ending my season a strong Harlequin partisan. This, perhaps, is only fitting in a substitute for Howard Marshall, whose enforced rest from writing everyone must have deplored, but I am convinced that no one would be more surprised than he if he read this article.

But time and space are slipping by. I simply cannot think of any really new full-backs or half-backs, unless we claim, with some effrontery, L. B. Bok, a South African who ought to have got his Blue at Oxford and did much to bring St. Mary's another Hospitals Cup. In an equally shadowy way, but for a very different reason, I also have in my mind's eye V. A. Cox, the Old Cranleighan, who has played for Blackheath at scrummage half, and is no mean centre. He is small, like little Walker of the R.A.F.—who may turn out to be a Scot—but should fill out with hard experience, and has good enough hands and a quickness off the mark suitable also to the stand-off position.

"Old Cramtonians? Let me think now. Ah, yes, those are the ones with a yellow streak, aren't they?"

AMONG the raw material at forward, I saw most hope in Sub-Lieut. G. P. Darling and Lieut. R. J. L. Hammond, both of the Navy, R. Willsher, of Bedford, and a biggish fellow, R. G. Hurrell, of Bristol. But if England persist in picking so-called back-row specialists who are not specialists at all in anything save failing to complete a shove or omitting to watch the blind side, it will be their own fault if another defeat by a Dominion side is added to the records.

Upon which drastic note I readily slide along with my fellow Rugby men into the oblivion—and, I hope, sunshine—of a hardly-born cricket season. If anyone mentions the word "bodyline"——!



A "Douglas" at Croydon. Here are two air-liners for the London-Zurich service, similar to the "Flying Hotel," which took second place in the race to Australia last autumn. There is accommodation for fourteen passengers

Our Coming Review of the Year in the Air

By Charles Ward

Holidays by Air

It is the ambition of most owner-pilots to air their wings abroad, for although a few of the holiday centres of England are accessible by 'plane—the Isle of Wight, parts of Devon and Cornwall, and the Isle of Man, if you fancy any of these—yet it is for longer distance travel that the Moth, or what have you, proves its value. Foreign touring has been made very much simpler through the arrangements completed by the Royal Aero Club for exemption from landing fees and hangar charges in Austria, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Roumania, Sweden, and as far afield as Japan. These facilities will be granted to members of the Royal Aero Club in possession of an F.A.I. Identity Card, which can be obtained by filling in a form and forwarding the usual passport photograph. The Italian Government was responsible for this innovation, and there is no doubt that it will, in time, be extended throughout the world to owner-pilots and members of the various national Aero Clubs. Anyone who is suffering from traffic blocks and speed limits should remember the way of an eagle is the fastest route between any two points that are more than a few hundred miles apart.

Flying Facts and Figures

Last year private flying made definite progress. The number of new licences taken out by amateur pilots was 1168, bringing the total which are current to approximately 3000. There were 500 commercial pilots on the register at the beginning of the year, and 1174 civil aircraft, of which 500 were privately owned. Ninety gliding certificates were issued during the year, and several most creditable records established—for duration by E. L. Mole; for altitude by G. N. Buxton; and for distance by G. E. Collins. A member of the London Gliding Club has been experimenting with a glider at night. Hurricane lamps were placed on the highest points of Dunstable Downs, messages were exchanged by flash-lamp, and successful landings made with the aid of motor-car headlights. The home-made aeroplane has appeared again. It is cheap, costing not more than £150 complete with engine; it also flies, and is apparently quite safe. I refer to the "Pou du Ciel," built in France by M. Henri Mignet, and since copied by at least twenty other Frenchmen. Several models, to M. Mignet's designs, are being built over here, and this is not without significance, for there are hundreds, if not thousands, of people keen on flying who will most certainly take it up when it becomes cheaper.

To Brindisi in Twelve Hours

From Sunday next Imperial Airways will operate a twice-weekly service between London and Brindisi, and for the first time it will be possible to fly all the way on either of the Empire routes. That this privilege will not be available immediately to all passengers is due to the popularity of the services, demands for accommodation being much in excess of the number of seats. A few passengers will be able to overtake an outward mail to Australia and one for Africa, and on the return journeys a few can cut out the rail journey between Brindisi and Paris. De Havilland "Diana" class air-liners will be used, leaving Croydon at 6 a.m., stopping for a quarter of an hour at the Paris airport, half an hour at Marseilles, a quarter of an hour at Rome, arriving at about 6 o'clock in the evening at Brindisi. Time from London to Rome will be about 8 hours 50 minutes, and single fare £18. By the terms of the agreement with France, no passengers may be carried between London or Paris and Marseilles, this restriction being imposed because the French national company already has a service over this route, and apparently is unwilling to face British competition.

Earl's granddaughter joins famous air circus. Miss Helen Naomi Heron-Maxwell, whose grandfather was the 6th Earl of Macclesfield, is appearing in a parachute act with Sir Alan Cobham's Display, that starts its 1935 tour this month

In Brief

Farnboro' is proud of its wind-tunnel, now in full blast. An artificial hurricane, blowing at a speed of 120 miles an hour, is being used to test full-sized aircraft. New liners for the Royal Dutch services are to be equipped with oxygen cylinders, so that passengers and crew may be pepped-up when flying at high altitudes. Stratospheric flight has received further encouragement from Russia. An automatic sounding balloon, without passengers, reached a height of 130,000 feet, which is nearly 25 miles. It sent out broadcasting signals every few minutes, and recorded the lowest temperature of 76 below zero at 30,000 feet. Plans for Empire Air Day on Saturday, May 25th, as organised by the Air League, are complete. More than forty Royal Air Force stations will be open to the public, and, of course, all civil aerodromes. There will be flying from 2 p.m. until dusk, and plenty of opportunity to see the Service and the "civils" at work. For the first time, Hendon, the nearest aerodrome to Central London and headquarters of three Territorial Squadrons, will be open for general inspection.

Our Eighth Annual Flying Number

Next Wednesday, May 1st, we shall publish our Annual Flying Number, for the eighth year in succession. Special contributions include an article by Mr. Morris Jackaman on flying for the private owner; one by Mr. Nigel Tangye, who deals with learning to fly from an original point of view—that of the instructor; and a brief historical survey by Mr. Harry Harper, entitled "Twenty-Five Years of the Flying Mail." Plenty of good pictures of personalities and the latest 'planes will illustrate these features, together with the Bystander's review of the year in the air.

The Belle of Covent Garden

Grace Moore Comes from America to Sing Mimi's Songs

Interlude in the Hollywood Sunshine

MORE people will be taking an interest in the Covent Garden season this year than are genuine opera-goers, when they know that Grace Moore is going to sing there. *One Night of Love*, which made this lovely blonde prima donna known to English audiences, was such an amazing success during its run at the Carlton, that it is certain that some of the people who saw it again and again will want to see its heroine in the flesh. She is taking Mimi's part in *La Bohème* this year. In the meantime, she has been making films in Hollywood ; the sun-bathing photograph above was taken during work on a Columbia picture in which her part again demands a number of operatic arias to be sung

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Pair of Pessimists: By A. G. Macdonell

No one can deny that Dr. A. J. Cronin uses an exceptionally large canvas, but it surely is a pity that his only two paints are black and grey. His brush is broad enough, but why use it only for painting shadows at the bottom of abysses? *The Stars Look Down* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is 700 pages long, but the Stars in their downward vision see nothing but disaster. The characters in this huge novel may be roughly divided into two classes—a small handful of well-meaning, rather pathetic weaklings on the one hand; and on the other a crowd of hateful, cruel, avaricious beasts, without one single redeeming feature between the lot of them. Curiously enough, Dr. Cronin lavishes ten times the zeal and the pains on this horrible crew than he does upon his virtuous remnant, with the result that gradually the Good recede in the reader's mind, and the Evil come strutting forward, more peacock-proud than ever, until at last the reader puts down the book at page 701, and murmurs, "The Devil 's in his hell, All 's wrong with the world." For Dr. Cronin does not spare us an ounce of his pessimistic moral. At every turn the wicked men triumph, and the good are humbled, humiliated, and ruined. Nor is this all, though Heaven knows it ought to be enough. Not only does the Devil triumph, but he triumphs on both sides. The leader of the Capitalists is a hard, ruthless man, who knowingly sends 105 miners to their death in an unsafe pit; the leaders of the Workers are parasitic, hypocritical, corruptible blackguards. The unfortunate men starve and drown under the ruthless capitalist, and under their own agitators they lose their heads, destroy the pumping-machinery at the mine, and simply starve again. Whatever happens, the leaders on either side flourish. Whatever happens, the men, and their women, and their children, starve. That is Dr. Cronin's grim theme, and grimly has he told it. But something hopeful, surely, can be extracted from all this hopelessness. I admit that it is not easy to find, but I think I have found it. *The Stars Look Down* gives an unforgettable picture of what war means to the profiteer. Let any young man who thinks that war is a great and glorious adventure read this book. It may make him pause before he goes out to fight for Freedom and Liberty, while leeches like Messrs. Mawson and Gowlan are praying night and day that the war may go on for ever, and while "patriotic" chairmen of Military Tribunals, like Richard Barras, sit comfortably at home and fling men into jails because their consciences forbid them to take life. That, at least, is a gleam of sunshine, or perhaps it ought to be star-shine, in all the murk. The chapters about the profiteering are as powerful a piece of anti-war propaganda as I have read for some time. But apart from that, what a gloomy book!

If Dr. Cronin is savagely bitter about the profiteers, and thereby strikes a vehement blow at the "romance" of war, Mr. Alan Thomas is just as bitter about the famous so-called "camaraderie" which is popularly supposed to be such an admirable by-product of our modern Armageddons. *That We Might Live* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*) begins with a Prologue in one of the famous caves on the outskirts of Arras in 1917. The battalion is due to go over the top on Easter Monday, and the officers of two companies are talking. The talk veers round to that most fascinating of dug-out topics, "after the war." Each of the officers sketches out his post-war career; one will be a millionaire, another headmaster of Eton, and so on. Then the Brigadier comes in, and they all drink a toast to 1931. The scene switches at once to 1931, and soon we are in the midst of the lives of the survivors of the attack. Mr. Thomas, in his own way, is as grim as Dr. Cronin. The world is a very different place from what any of them had expected, and, worse shock still, there is no preferential treatment for ex-Service men. If anything, the preference is against them. Youth, Youth is the cry, and middle-aged men with one arm or leg, with broken nerves, and with five years lost, are handicapped in the scramble, and nobody seems to care very much. Even that is not the worst. In the scramble for life, even the old comrades do not hang together. The camaraderie has evaporated, if it ever existed, and one of the Arras survivors swindles another. A successful one makes very small efforts to help a down-and-out one, and so it goes on to the end. The only "hero" of the Arras cave who is not either dead or in jail in 1931 is glad to earn seven shillings and sixpence by the distribution of leaflets in the street. The Epilogue goes back to Arras, with the Brigadier mouthing out the old platitudes about "old pals who will never be able to let each other down," etcetera, etcetera. This is far and away Mr. Thomas's best book so far.

Dr. A. J. Cronin

Whose new novel, "The Stars Look Down," has lately been published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd., and is reviewed on this page

Mr. Cecil Roberts is fast making a corner in the Thames Valley, and for the first time in my life I find myself applauding the activities of a monopolist. There are reasons for this. Mr. Roberts shows in his new book, *Gone Rambling* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), as he did in his former ones, that he can describe the rural scene charmingly, without pomp; that he can write eloquently without advertising the imminence of a purple patch; and that he is interested in the history of his land, as well as in the geography of it. I learnt a lot of history from Mr. Roberts. For instance, I never knew that the brilliant but erratic French Revolutionary, General Dumouriez, died at Turville Park, and is buried in Henley Church. Nor had I realised the extent to which Park Place was a centre of fashion, both London and Parisian, in the high old times before the French Revolution, when the Conways were at home to the beau-monde. But Mr. Roberts wanders past the guide-book limits. He throws in wise little bits about the appreciation of food, for instance; and boldly states, what thousands of timider mortals have felt, but dared not say, that Brillat-Savarin wrote a lot of rubbish; and about maps; and about hot-cross-bun-selling, and other diverting and little known ways of passing the time. *Gone Rambling* is full of charm.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Lenare

This charming frock is made in printed tie silk with a navy-blue ground and white spot design, and has been created by Artelle, Knightsbridge. The short sleeves, neck and hip basque are trimmed with accordion pleating; also the hem. White marcella, a material ordinarily used for men's evening waistcoats, makes the cape, which is divided into petal sections, each one piped with dark blue. This is an original idea which is very effective as well as practical, as it can be worn over other frocks. A note should be made of the navy-blue straw hat, which is designed on similar lines to the dress, with hand-painted white spots and a pleated brim

Linen Meets Wool

Linen and wool combine to make this youthful outfit from Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street. The dress is in a brown woven material, with a diagonal self stripe and short sleeves. The collar and cuffs are made of printed linen, like the coat. This is striped with yellow, orange, and brown, and is double-breasted, with two hip pockets. By the way, Jaeger's believe in coloured wool stockings for sportswear. These are made in bright green, pink, and cornflower blue

This delightful suit is taken from Jaeger's Spring Collection which was shown at their housewarming. The jacket is waisted to form a slight basque, and is trimmed with brown summer ermine. The tight-fitting skirt is open at the hem. Many of the Jaeger suits are made in grey flannel worn with bright-coloured wool accessories, while some of the new sweaters are just cylinders, with holes for arms and head. There are caps to match

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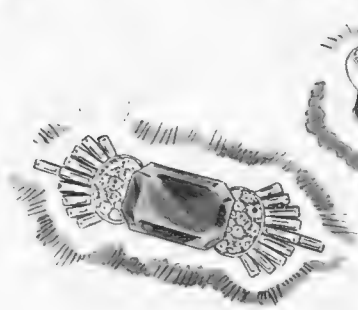
Discovered by Peta

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

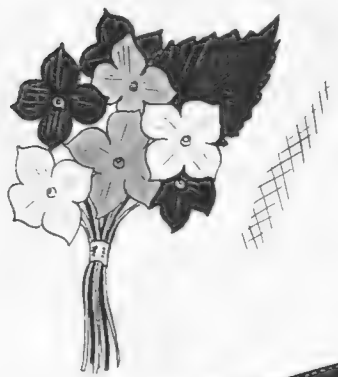
Pictured by Pam

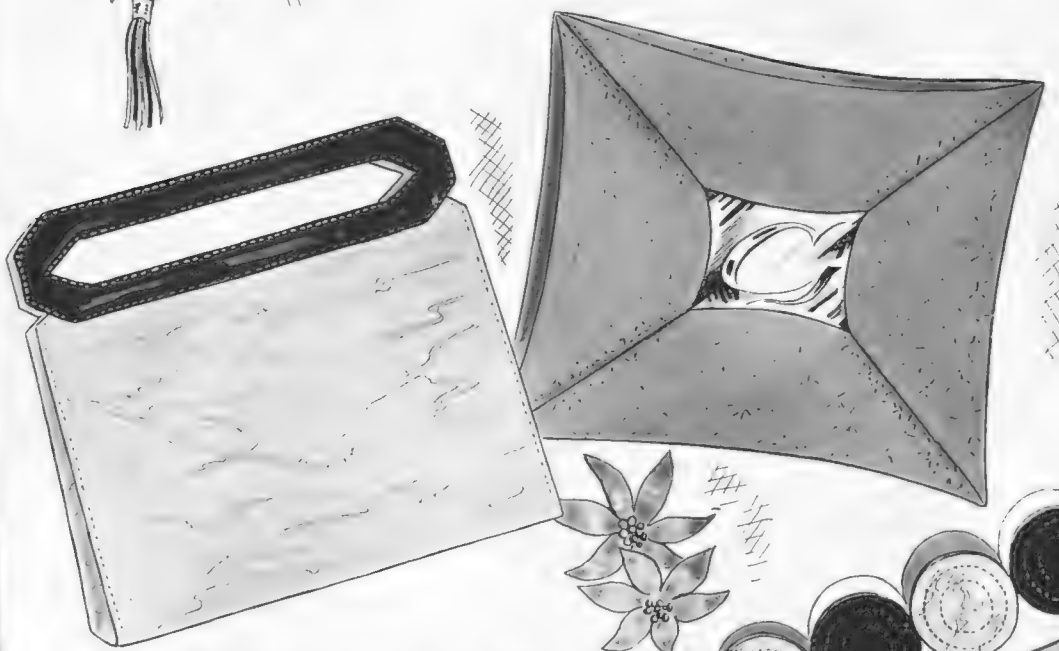


Aquamarine and diamonds are the stones which make this beautiful brooch from Asprey, Bond Street. The two ends are detachable, and may be worn as clip earrings

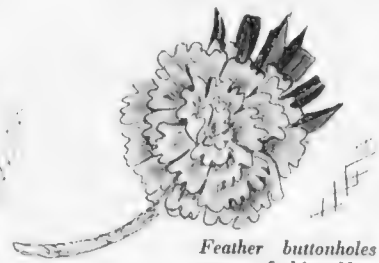
Here is something quite new in the way of hair ornaments from Asprey. The cap and Venetian tricorne are made of platinum set with diamonds. They clip on to the hair and may be worn at any angle

It is well-nigh impossible to appreciate the beauty of these hair-clips without paying a visit to Asprey. The top-hat is another amusing variation, which looks very effective set in a cluster of curls. A band of black enamel encircles the crown





Something different in the way of bags and other accessories may be seen in the Bag Shop at Jaeger's. Immediately above is an ultra-smart beige and brown steer grained leather bag for 37s. 6d. The one next to it is shaped like a cushion, and is made of red peccary calf, with a chromium initial plate in the centre



Feather buttonholes are very fashionable this season. The carnation illustrated costs 10s. 6d. from Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street, and is so realistic that it takes an expert to tell the difference

These two belts also come from Jaeger's, and have been designed to harmonise with the bags. The top one is composed of beige and brown circles in steer grained leather, while the other one is in red leather with chain links

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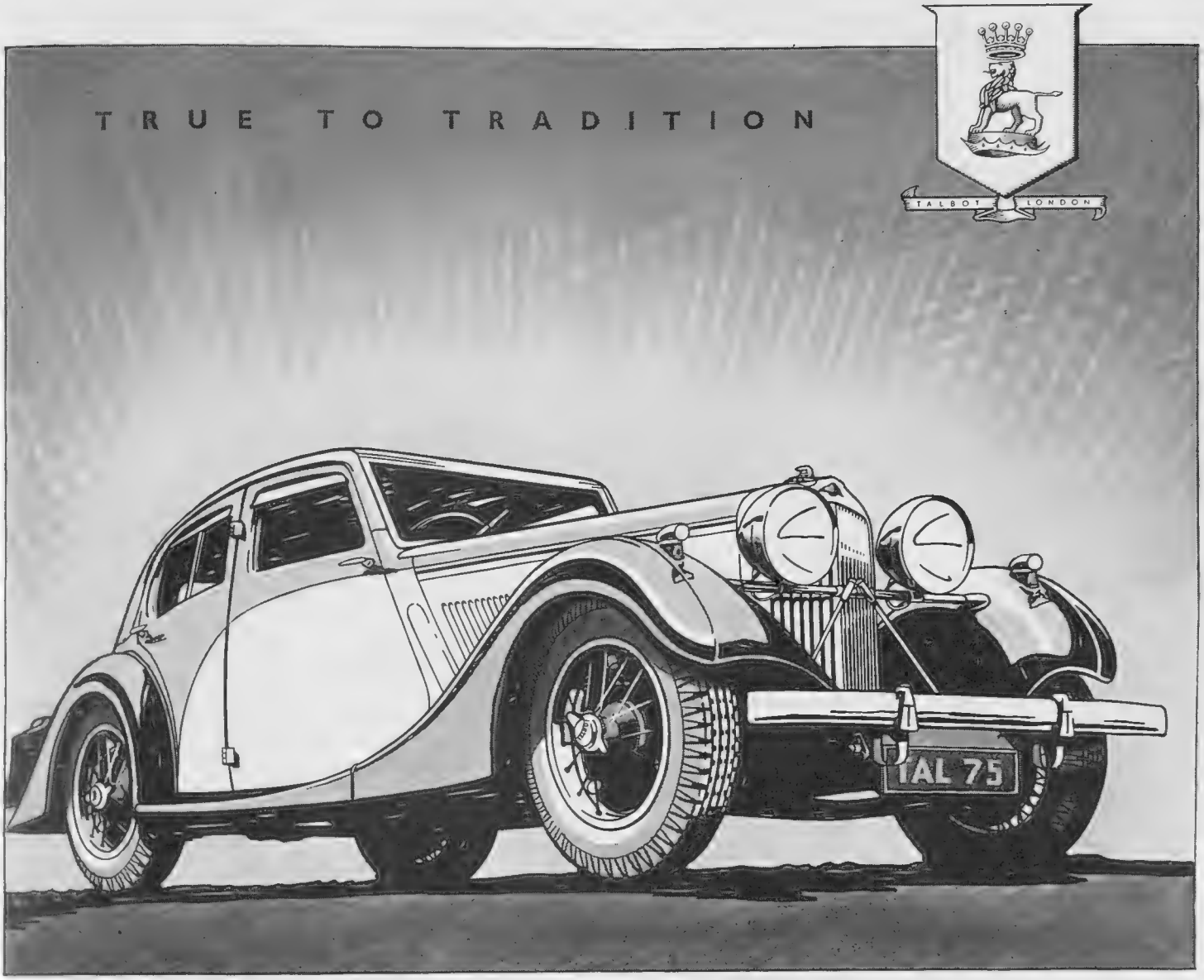

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Right: something new: D. Prenn made a telephone-call during his match with C. J. Hovell

Kay Stammers "up-wind"

C. J. Hovell, in a "sorry-you've-been troubled" attitude

Below: C. F. Aeschliman and K. C. Gandar Dower found the eccentricities of the gale played havoc with their cut shots

Little Miss C. Hoahing, tho' blown out of court several times, produced fire-works

Miss G. Harry "down-wind"

J. W. Nuthall leaning on the wind

J. D. Morris "tacking"

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Family Affairs: Fathers and Sons at West Hill

Ian Earle (Oxford University) and his father, Stephen Earle (Swansea Bay), were beaten in the semi-finals of the Fathers and Sons tournament at West Hill by the ultimate winners, John Duncan and his son, A. A. Duncan (Southerndown)

The other four semi-finalists were G. P. Rice and G. G. Rice (Guildford), and J. Borthwick (Wentworth) and his father, J. J. Borthwick (Sunningdale). The Rice family won by 3 and 2, but lost by 8 and 7 to J. Duncan and his son in the finals

Cricketer-Golfers: By J. S. F. Morrison

You will, no doubt, have noticed that at the Annual Meeting of the Worplesdon Golf Club, A. P. F. Chapman was elected captain for the ensuing year. Chapman, at the game of golf, according to Bernard Darwin, stands on the wrong side of his ball; in other words, he plays left-handed. A short time ago he was playing in a mixed foursome competition, with his wife as partner, and was concerned in rather an amusing incident which proved how very carelessly committees word their local rules. The cause of the incident was a local rule which laid down that if a ball was sliced over the ditch on the right of the fairway, the ball must be played where it lay, and a penalty stroke added to the score. Chapman's tee-shot finished over the ditch, but, being left-handed, no one could possibly say that he had sliced over the ditch. If a little more thought had been expended when drafting the local rule, and the word "play" substituted for "slice," no argument would have arisen. The local committee decided, entirely against their local rule, to penalise Chapman one shot, a decision which would certainly have been reversed if the "Rules of Golf" Committee had been consulted. Fortunately for the committee concerned, Chapman's side won the competition.

Chapman captained the M.C.C. side which visited Australia in 1928-29 and brought back the Ashes. His own fielding contributed to a very large extent to the success of his team. He twice dismissed Woodfull, who was then called the "unbowlable," in Test matches, with catches no one else on the side would have touched. I think Chapman will find the captaincy of a golf club a more difficult job than the captaincy of a cricket team, and I can speak from experience. He is, however, very fortunate to have a wife who was lady-captain of the same club the year before he took office, and she will, no doubt, be able to assist and advise him when he is in difficulties. Mrs. Chapman is well served with cricketers and golfers among her relations. Her brother Tom, who was quite a good golfer and hit the ball a very long way, was captain of a New Zealand cricket team which visited this country. R. H. Bettington, the googly bowler, who played cricket for Oxford and the Gentlemen, on his return to Australia won the Australian Amateur Golf Championship, and married one of Mrs. Chapman's sisters.

The Worplesdon Club, for a few weeks this year, had as captains of the ladies' and men's sections, brother and sister: namely, A. J. Peech and Miss Mary Peech. This came about because the ladies elect their captain at the beginning of the year, and the men at the general meeting, which is usually held in March. It must be rather unusual for husband to follow wife, and sister to follow brother as captains of golf clubs. Unfortunately, owing to ill-health, Miss Mary Peech has been forced to resign the captaincy of the ladies' section.

The election of Chapman to the captaincy of the Worplesdon Golf Club made me think of other first-class cricketers who have become captains of golf clubs, and I was surprised to find how many there are. At Sunningdale, in the thirty-four years in which the club has been going, five first-class cricketers have held office as captain of the club, including H.R.H. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, P. J. du Paravicini, C. J. Burnup, and A. H. Read. Prince Albert, during the war, had of necessity to fight for Germany, and he took considerable trouble to ascertain if any of his golfing or cricketing friends had been captured, and to do everything in his power to make their lot as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. Prince Albert used to play golf quite often with W. G. Grace, and they had, besides other things in common, even more than most golfers, the desire to be on the winning side, and they took every possible precaution, both before and during play, to see that they were. C. J. Burnup is probably the greatest athlete that Malvern has ever turned out. Besides being a plus golfer, he played Association football for England, and cricket for Kent, and was asked to go to Australia in P. F. Warner's victorious side in 1903-1904, but, unfortunately, was unable to accept this invitation. A. H. Read played cricket for Essex, and is the father of H. D. Read, the present Essex fast bowler.

The Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, who captained M.C.C. teams against the West Indies in 1926 and 1930, as well as Warwickshire, has been captain of Worplesdon. C. J. Kortright has been captain of both the Chelmsford Golf Club and Thorndon Park Golf Club. It is rather strange that he should be known to his cricket friends as "Kortie," and to his golfing friends as "Charles." There are many people who declare that Kortright was the fastest bowler there has ever been, and there are also quite a large number who declare that he is the slowest golfer there has ever been. From what I have heard, seen and felt, I am inclined to agree with the first declaration, but I am not in a position to offer an opinion concerning the second.

Two men who have served as Chairman of the M.C.C. Test Match Selection Committees, have also been captains of golf clubs: namely, Sir Stanley Jackson, Royal Midurrey, and H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, Tandridge Golf Club. Probably the greatest of all those who have played first-class cricket and captained a golf club is Leslie Balfour Melville, who represented his country at nearly every ball game. H. W. Foster was captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, and the Ranelagh Golf Club (courses of which the standard scratch score varies considerably), and was also President of the Marylebone Cricket Club. W. B. Stoddart was captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and played cricket for Lancashire, besides taking a keen interest in the legislation of Rugby football and the game of golf. He was President of the English Golf Union in 1926.

Two other first-class cricketers have also held office as President of the English Golf Union, namely, L. C. H. Palairet, who was one of the prettiest batsmen the game of cricket has ever seen, and R. H. de Montmorency. George Brann and H. K. Foster, as well as being first-class cricketers, played football for the Corinthians before they became captains of golf clubs. G. E. V. Crutchley, who made 99, not out, in his first innings in the 'Varsity match of 1912, and then retired to bed with measles and took no further part in the match, has been captain of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, better known as Deal. W. W. Low and A. C. M. Croome are other examples, and the latter was also an extremely good hurdler. It certainly appears that first-class cricketers make both good golfers and good golf legislators; nevertheless, the Amateur Championship has only once been won by a first-class cricketer: when Leslie Balfour Melville beat John Ball in the final at St. Andrews in 1895.

Below: Major Hitchcock (Indian Army Service Corps), Col. Sir Guy Campbell (late 60th), Lt.-Col. E. F. Campbell (60th), and Maj.-Gen. D. S. Skelton were four of the competitors in the Army Golf Championship at Porthcawl. It was won by Capt. G. A. Rusk, of the Black Watch

The Grand Finale at Deal

Here are Mr. Halford-Hewitt (plus Cup) and the thirty-two finalists in the great battle of the Old Boys at Deal. The Old Carthusians, the holders, won the Halford-Hewitt Cup by four matches to one from the runners-up, the Old Salopians

The Army Golf Championship

A Mother-and-Daughter Doubles Combination

Mrs. Dudley Cox and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Joy, are playing together this season in women's open doubles events. Joy won the Surrey Junior Championship when she was fourteen, and this year is eligible for Junior Wimbledon in September. They are the first mother-and-daughter pair since Mrs. Sterry and Gwen Sterry played together five years ago

·SPORTFOLIO

Right: Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Shaw with the Roué, which won the Ladies' Race at the Grafton Point-to-Point, with Miss Monica Standish riding. The meeting was held at Cuttle Hill, near Towcester

After the Grafton Ladies' Race

The "Bystander" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes

At St. George's Hill

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Winners—Audrey Holmes and Elaine Young

Miss Audrey Holmes (Thorndon Park) and Miss Elaine Young (Chigwell) won the "Bystander" Challenge Cups with scores of 81 over the First (Old) Course at St. George's Hill, and 78 for the Second (New) Course

Miss K. Salmons and Mrs. Kenneth Allen were a pair of Aspley Guise players who competed at St. George's Hill

Miss Jestyn Jeffreys E. S. Cunninghame Kennedy (Liphook), and ling) made up a Wales

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT seems to me that the BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes have been extremely lucky this year. When Royal Mid-Surrey undertook reconstruction, St. George's Hill stepped into the breach with an invitation to go there instead; when it seemed as if the weather had broken up and we were in for thirty-six holes of misery, there arrived instead a perfect day for golf, neither too hot, too cold, nor too windy. Of course, you want to hear all details, but a few words first must be said on the other golf of the week. United Services won the Wilton Shield at Burhill, beating the Medical in the final by the odd match, with perhaps the most interesting individual win a Medical one, in which Mrs. Humphry Newton (I had nearly written "Miss Beryl Brown") beat Mrs. Clarke, as she had done in the last eight at Seacroft. Next day was Ranelagh, when Camberley Heath added the Pearson Cup to their London Foursomes, England piled up an uncatchable lead, and Miss Kathleen Garnham won the scratch prize with a great 69, under difficult conditions. Mrs. Clarke, whose new style is splendid, was hard on her heels with 70. On the second day at Ranelagh, Mrs. Clarke was away with a burst—out in 32—but there was a little slip into a pond, and she took 40 to get home. That was good enough for the scratch aggregate, but the heroine of the day was Mrs. Newton again, who also went out in 32 and managed to add no more than 36 to it to reach home—a beautifully steady round, too good to have any incidents, that deservedly won the Kitcat medal. Mrs. Alec Gold was only a shot behind with 69, 37 out and 32 home. Mrs. Newton was in the English side—all the more credit to her for such a score; Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Gold were not. These things will happen at Ranelagh. When there is a pause in the breathless rush of big events, I want to discuss the Ranelagh and other internationals with you.

MEANWHILE, and feeling better now those good scores are off my chest, I will tell you all I can about the BYSTANDER'S own Foursomes. Only you must admit that when you sit behind the card-table (the kind that issues cards, not plays them), even with three of the most efficient helpers that ever spotted an error, your review of the day's play is from rather a limited angle. Not but what it is quite fun checking over cards and trying to visualise what has been so terribly difficult about some one hole or another, that almost every incoming card has a destructive total there. The fifteenth, for example, on the First (or Old) Course. That is the long hole running down beside the Cobham-Byfleet Road, after the short hole where you always slide away into the left-hand bunker. A nine at it on this card, a fourteen on that: what did it mean? Too tender a subject to probe with those who had perpetrated such figures. We asked some really low handicaps, and they could give no explanation. Miss Couper and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery had a blameless 5 there and might therefore

Miss V. Paine and Mrs. M. L. Clarke, both Hayling players, handed in cards of 82 and 82=164

Miss B. Hale and Miss Dudgeon were another pair of competitors. Their home course is Beaconsfield

be approached with safety. No, nothing peculiar about the hole at all; they had been the best part of up at it in two. But we revised our ideas of peculiar when Mrs. Kidd and Miss Gibbons came in with a three there. This was peculiar the other way, for the measurement is 472 yards. Details had to be sought, and they proved to be that Mrs. Kidd's pitch-and-run had run up the flag-stick, and down again into the hole. Beyond doubt, there was a little devil of some sort sitting in that hole, who destroyed some couples and smiled on others.

Mrs. Pearce Jones and Miss Phyllis Roberts, only two sixes to be seen anywhere, and a thoroughly steady 41 out and 44 home. This was splendid. Miss Roberts was a competitor in last year's Girls' Championship, and has been earning golden opinions in the Surrey II. this spring, That 72½ remained unbeaten all day, and worthily carried off the handicap for the Second Course.

The best scratch score there at lunch time was 79, which came from Mrs. Clarke and Miss V. Paine, 40 out, 39 home. Miss Chambers and Mrs. R. T. Peel had precisely the Scottish ex-champions, Miss Couper and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, led with a steady 41+39=80, Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Elaine Young following them with 81, Mrs. Alec Gold and Miss Joy Winn next with 84. Nothing displaced the Scottish pair, who remained most worthy winners.

THE first excitement that wafted back into the club-house after lunch was that Miss Sylvia Bailey and Miss Rabbidge, in spite of no luck with the putts, were out on the First Course in 38, only one over bogey. They had

(Swansea Bay), Miss (Tenby), Mrs. R. L. Miss C. Howard (Hay- Hampshire foursome

Mrs. Alec Gold (Beaconsfield), Mrs. Alan Macbeth, Mrs. Dudley Charles, and Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh) marking their cards. The Gold-Winn combination tied with the ultimate winners

Miss Phyllis Wade (Parkstone), Mrs. G. H. Carbutt (Wentworth), Miss Isabella Rieben (Aberdovey), and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp starting off on the Second Course

THE first couples to come in from their morning round, whichever course they had played on, were cross with themselves for having played so badly, though eminently cheerful about everything else. They returned their cards because of the fearful warning, that if they did not they could not win an afternoon prize, and they were all full of hope for the next course. Then came a really good card on the Second Course, 85−12½=72½, from a Leatherhead pair, same total the other way round, nearly a magnificent card, for there were twos at the ninth and seventeenth, and a birdie three at the 326-yard seventh. It was that grisly eight at the thirteenth which called forth lamentation and just kept them out of the prize list. Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, who has won the Glamorgan Championship again, and Miss Cunninghame were well in the scratch running on that course at lunch time, with 80. On the other course, the some rather unsteady moments after that, and the card, when it came in, read "38+44," not quite good enough, though Miss Bailey looks to be working back into form.

Soon things began to grow exciting on the Second Course, 79 from Mrs. Alec Johnston and Mrs. Crombie, and then a 76 from Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon. I began to think out a letter to you about "horses for courses," because Mrs. Garon had twice before won these Foursomes at St. George's, once with Mrs. Guedalla and once with Mrs. Clarke.

But that was rudely upset when Mrs. Alec Gold and Miss Winn followed the pair in with 75: 38 out and 37 home. These had managed a steady 84 on the Old in the morning; 84+75, here was 159 right up at the top of scratch aggregate return sheet. Would it stay there? In came Miss Elinor Urwick and Miss M. Fraser, adding a 77½ net on the First Course to their morning 74½ on the Second; there were the handicap aggregate winners right enough, with a couple of strokes to spare.

Miss E. Arnold (Cooden Beach) and Miss R. Powell (Langley Park) both carried shooting-sticks around with them in case there was much waiting to do

Mrs. Bamberger and Mrs. Frank Poulton (Sonning) and Mrs. Arnot and Miss J. Tapsfield (St. George's Hill) waiting to start off from the first tee, the second pair playing over their own course

WHAT about the Cups themselves? The Scottish champion, Miss Nan Baird, was still out with Mrs. Barbour, but they had not been faring too happily: Miss Audrey Holmes, the English semi-finalist of 1930, and Miss Elaine Young were still to come—rumour had it they were going extremely strong, and had done 81 in the morning. Yes, here they were at last with a 78 on the Second Course to add to it—159, like Mrs. Gold and Miss Winn—and since the conditions ordained that the tie for the aggregate would be decided by the score returned on the Old Course, Miss Holmes and Miss Young had won. A great finish. Miss Compton gave away the prizes, and everybody said kind things; and that was that.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Below, left: Mrs. Ambrose Clarke's Kellsboro' Jack, with D. Morgan up, won the Scottish Grand National at Bogside by eight lengths, and had a great reception as he came in

The Scottish National Winner

Below: Coron, Lady Brooke's two-year-old, who was born without a tail, ran his first race in the Abberley Plate at Worcester, with B. Rook up. He wasn't placed

The Horse Without a Tail

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

ALTHOUGH there are still many months to pass before they set sail for this country, the All-Blacks—the famous New Zealand Rugby side, who have always shaped like world-beaters when over here—are already preparing for their English tour. Now, a New Zealand "Rugger" expert tells me that the Selectors are mightily worried over the back division, for they are saying that they cannot find men of the Nicholls and Cooke calibre. I am not surprised—Cooke and his colleague were among the great three-quarters of the century, and, perhaps, of the whole history of Rugby.

Forward, things are very different. I learn that they can produce almost a couple of packs up to the All-Black standard, which, as you must know, is pretty high. As it is, there are good men who will simply have to be left at home! One man who is certain to come, however, is McLean, a six-footer, who is very fast off the mark and with a great record in his own country

Curiously enough, the All-Blacks would seem to have just the reverse problem to that which faced the four home Unions during the International campaign now happily ended. England, Scotland, and the rest had a job to find really good forwards. Indeed, the play of the packs was, for the most part, lamentable. Even Ireland, who possessed the best forwards, were more noted for their "devil" and whole-hearted work than for any particular science. Now, if the New Zealanders do come here with a rip-roaring pack, true to their great tradition, then I can see them smashing their way from victory to victory—as they have always done.

Again, should history repeat itself, then the men from "Down Under" will not be so badly off for backs as they themselves imagine just now. I recall their tour of eleven years ago. Before they arrived we heard woeful tales about the weakness of their three-quarters, while their forwards were rated as top-class. As things turned out, the backs stole quite a lot of the limelight from the men in the scrum, and to me, at any rate, they will always be remembered as the side with the best set of "threes" I have ever seen. Then, too, there was Nepia—what a great fellow he was! By the way, I am set thinking of the first New Zealand side which came to these shores. Thirty-five years ago, David Gallaher brought the All-Blacks over. They were unknown. Our fellows thought that they might manage to scramble a victory or so against some of the weaker club sides, but as for winning one of the Internationals . . . well, it just wasn't possible.

What happened? In September they went into their first game against Devon, holders of the County championship, at Exeter. At that time the West Country forwards were considered pretty hot, I can tell you, and most of the experts predicted that the All-Blacks would be pulverised into defeat.

(Continued on page iv)

Below: R. Scott (Ashby-de-la-Zouche) winning the half-mile in 1 minute 59·2 seconds, at the Public School Sports at the White City. This was a new record for the meeting, being 2·2 seconds faster than Lord John Hope's time in 1931

A Half-Mile Record

Lancashire Champion for the Second Time

Miss W. Berry taking her cup from Mrs. Hodson, who is the captain of the Lancashire Ladies' after winning the Lancashire Golf Championship at Formby for the second year running

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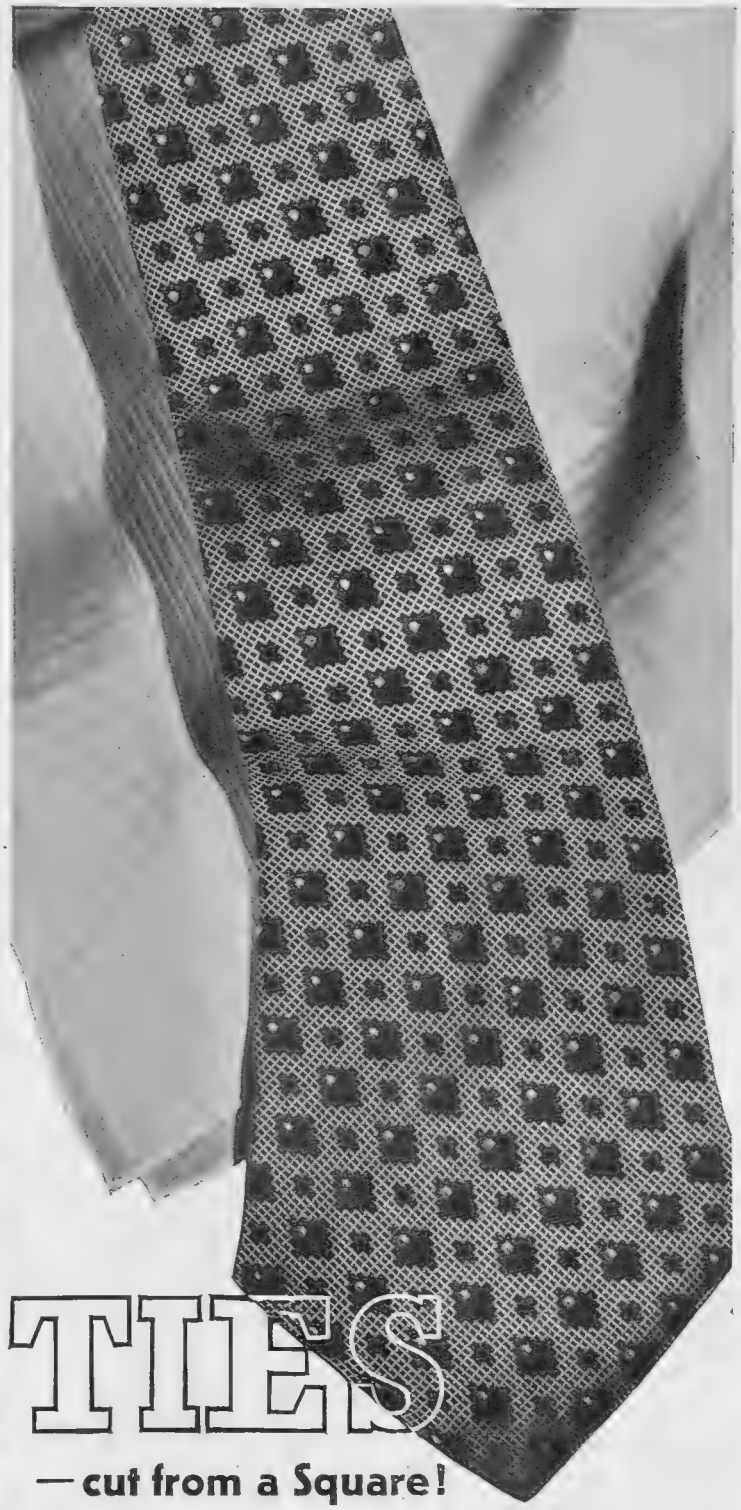

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Captain and Mrs. T. Campbell Black (Florence Desmond when she's on the stage) photographed in Hyde Park with a new and shining Vauxhall

Provincial Blundering

By The Earl of Cardigan

FOR quite a long time I have resisted the obvious temptation to write something about the 30 m.p.h. speed limit. Of late, however, I have come to a definite conclusion on the subject, and can no longer refrain from expressing it in print.

The first thing I think about it is that, as a basic idea for regulating traffic and reducing accidents, it is entirely sound. In any town, or wherever pedestrians or children are numerous, 30 m.p.h. is quite as fast as any careful driver ought to wish to go. I presume that the intention of the Minister of Transport, when the limit was introduced, was simply to restrain the rash motorist from doing his 35 or 40 m.p.h. down an open street.

In some cases, this perfectly sensible idea has been sensibly carried out. For instance, on a route which I commonly use for car-testing, I see that I am subject to the limit only where genuine need for care exists, where any greater speed would undoubtedly involve some risk.

Where the road opens out, and becomes of by-pass character, I see that it has been exempted, though lamp-posts continue to exist. The point at which the speed limit ceases to apply is, in fact, the very point at which I habitually have let the car "have its head."

If the speed limit was always applied in this way, I, personally, should consider it a most excellent institution. Indeed, there would be a strong presumption that anyone who exceeded it was, ipso facto, guilty of driving rather too fast for safety.

I GREATLY fear, however, that the arrangements on this particular route are the exception rather than the rule. Going about the country, I have noticed several towns where the speed-limit signs have been set up with gross stupidity. This is deplorable; not only because of the annoyance to motorists caused in the neighbourhood concerned, but also because this sort of provincial blundering will spoil the effect, throughout the country as a whole, of what might have been a very successful piece of legislation.

The local annoyance, when one has to slow down to 30 m.p.h. on a stretch of road where no real dangers exist, must be obvious enough. The effect on the motoring community of widespread local annoyances may be less obvious; but it is almost more serious.

What I mean is, that if a law is stupidly applied, however laudable its object, the result is contempt and evasion. Moreover, an offence against the law ceases to be any offence against public opinion.

Now, I, personally, think that Mr. Hore Belisha's latest notion, to limit the speed of vehicles passing through towns, is one that deserves to have public support. I think it would be a great pity if the support of the public were to be alienated from it. This, however, is just what will happen if the application of the limit is unfair or illogical.

In spite of police traps and penalties, by far the best way to induce the motorist to obey a regulation is to convince him (and his friends, and his family) that the regulation is a fair and reasonable one which decent people *ought* to observe. This obviously cannot be done unless a genuine effort is made by the local authorities, or unless the central government exercises a strict supervision.

If I were in Mr. Belisha's position, this is the aspect of the matter which would now be causing me the greatest concern. The limit is imposed: by the majority of people it has been, in principle, accepted cheerfully. To prevent the local motorphobes from stultifying its purpose, the Minister of Transport, in his own interests, ought to oppose the town authorities, with all the authority that he possesses, where their powers of imposing the new limit have been abused or misapplied. May we dare to hope that he will do so?

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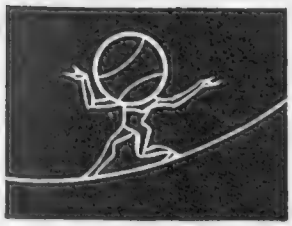

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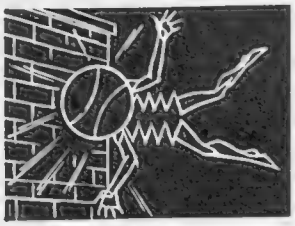

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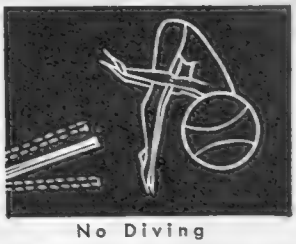

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Hair can so easily become brittle and lifeless through lack of care. It should be brushed regularly night and morning, followed by massage. Oil is nourishing to dry hair, while quinine in the form of a tonic may be used on greasy hair

The Care of the Hair.

SPRING is one of the seasons when hair requires rather more than just a daily brush. It shows a tendency to become dry and brittle, the ends split, and it comes out in handfuls. When this happens, the best thing to do is to go to a hairdresser and have an oil massage. It is advisable never to try and do this at home, as one is liable to apply too much oil, which makes the hair dank and sticky. A proper oil massage, however, is very beneficial, as it stimulates the blood stream which supplies all the natural food for the hair and keeps it supple and healthy.

Home Treatment.

WITH regard to home treatment, there is nothing so good for the hair as brushing. Use a Mason Pearson brush, which has a pneumatic rubber cushion and is made of black, unbleached wild boar bristles. It is obtainable practically everywhere, and will also be sent direct and post free from Mason Pearson Selling Agency, 59, New Oxford Street. When brushing, divide the hair into sections and lay the brush sideways, flat against the scalp. Then turn it and brush upwards. Continue this until the entire head has been covered, and then massage with the fingertips. Another excellent way of stimulating the circulation is to pull the hair. Take small strands from all over the head and give them each a sharp pull. This will encourage young hairs to grow, and so long as these are present, there is no need to feel anxious when the old hairs fall out.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 176)

The match was played and, so the story goes, the players for a famous club in another city bought the evening paper to see how the Exeter game had gone off. There it was, an inky smudge in the "stop press": "Devon 4 pts., New Zealand 55 pts." A roar of laughter went up, and, as someone put it, the "papers had gone wrong again. They 'd got the result the wrong way round."

Had they? Not on your life! Those great fellows in the black kit had simply over-run the Devon fifteen. The champions' much-vaunted pack had never stood a chance against a quick, clean-heeling eight who got the ball to their backs. And what backs they were, to be sure! The memory of them still lingers.

Well, David Gallaher led his team from success to success, until Wales were met in a thrilling game at Cardiff. The Welshmen fought hammer and tongs, and got a try by which they gained the victory. But did Wales really win, I wonder? The All-Blacks maintain that one of their players—R. G. Dean, I think—slipped over for an equalising try, but the canny Welsh lads pulled him back so that when the referee came up to take a look at things, he found Dean about an inch or so the wrong side of the line!

We can thank Gallaher, a splendid type of man whose death in the Great War was a big blow to Rugby, for revolutionising the handling code. Those old-time All-Blacks threw everything into attack and, very quickly, our leading clubs were copying their style.

Since then, unhappily, there has been a swing towards defence, and, more and more, we are getting irritating "spoiling" tactics which are doing Rugby no good. Let us hope that these New Zealanders who will be with us next November will light yet another torch to lead Rugby out of the gloom into which it has strayed.

AND now to "Soccer," with a thought for the eminently readable book which Sir Frederick Wall, secretary of the Football Association for some thirty-nine years, has written in the leisure of his retirement. *Fifty Years of Football* is a book for every sportsman—no matter his football code. There is some good, plain speaking on sportsmanship.

Perhaps Sir Frederick is at his best when dipping into the store-house of his memory. Then he gives us some first-class pictures of those great amateurs of the early days of "Soccerdom." Lord Kinnaird, playing in eight Cup Finals with a little blue-and-white quartered cricket cap setting off his auburn beard! Sir Francis Marindin, the famous referee, expressing the hope that West Bromwich Albion's all-English team will win the Cup; and then taking charge of the Final which the Albion *did not win*.

Say what you will, "Soccer" is our great national winter sport. And Sir Frederick Wall, the man best fitted for the job, has written an enthralling book about the development of the game. When he came to the F.A. there was something like £8000 as the entire assets. He adds: "Our last financial statement showed that the assets were £149,535, and of this sum, £101,663 represented investments. This money has come to the Association since the war. Between 1914-18 our funds vanished. We were glad to get help from any quarter." Commanding figures, which give some indication of the growth and popularity of "Soccer."

WELL, I find that space is getting short and that I cannot say all that I would wish on the lawn tennis situation. However, I must refer to the Davis Cup and say, straightway, that I have an idea that Australia are going to blaze new trails in the competition this season. I am told that Jack Crawford and Vivian McGrath are simply superb doubles players these days. They straight-setted Fred Perry and Pat Hughes in the Australian championships; and the men who can do that must be ranked as top class.

We can expect to see the Crawford-McGrath combination in action, despite "Bill" Tilden's view that Quist will get a place in the doubles. Of course, there is always the question whether Crawford can stand the strain of appearing in doubles and singles, but I learn that he is fighting fit at the present time. Indeed, we will probably see a new Jack Crawford this season; or, at least, the old, devastating Crawford will be on view.

As I said last summer, Crawford looked as though he badly needed a rest from the ceaseless tennis "war." At Wimbledon, I thought, he was a very tired man. But, wisely enough, he took a long rest, and then came back to the front in the Australian championships to beat Perry.

Yes, watch Australia. They may go far in the Davis Cup. . . . in fact, I tip them to enter the challenge round to oppose Britain.

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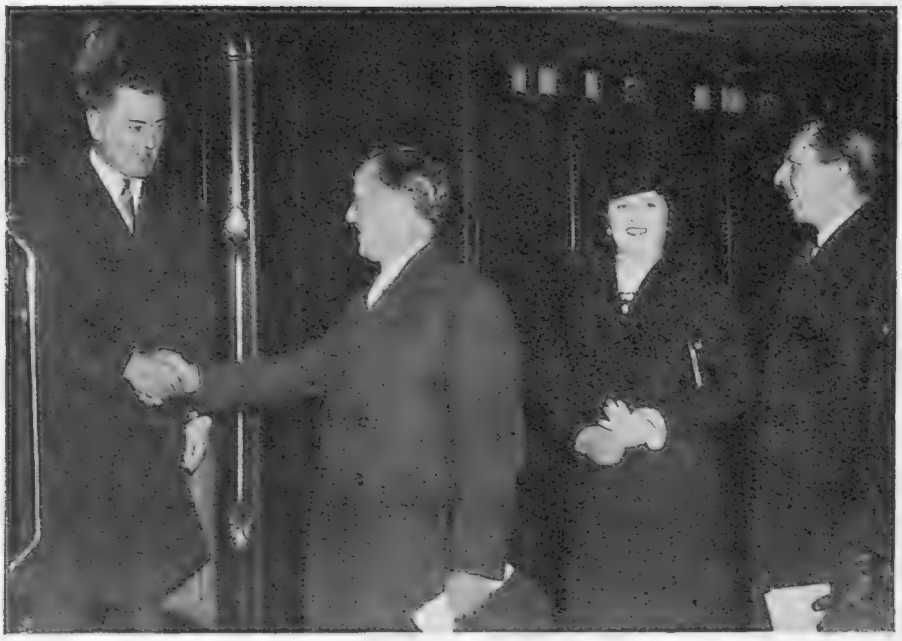

Off on a Carpet Hunt

Mr. R. W. Oakley, who is off on a tour in Persia, collecting rugs and carpets for Harvey Nichols, and expects to be away about three months, saying good-bye to Mr. E. F. Cutts, who is Harvey Nichols' managing-director

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A leading Staffordshire colliery proprietor, was elected President of the Federation of British Industries at a meeting on April 10th

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at Moray G.C. (Lossiemouth), JUNE 4 to 7, 1935

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Entries close Thursday, May 16th. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 16th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth* (adjoining the club-house), where the special terms for competitors will be 12*s.* per day inclusive of full board, baths, afternoon tea, and after-dinner coffee.

MORAY. NO ENTRANCE FEE.

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 16th, 1935. The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Moray, June 4th, 1935, and following days.

Please enter

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of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

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To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Moray with

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GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Stuart Hamilton

Marjorie Pilcher

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. C. Pilcher, and is to marry Dr. H. C. Semon at All Soul's, Langham Place, on May 2nd. Dr. Semon is the eldest son of the late Sir Felix and Lady Semon

Hay Wrightson

Daphne Barnett

Is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Barnett, of Glympton Park, Woodstock, and is engaged to John E. S. Chamberlayne, 16th-5th Lancers, only son of Colonel and Mrs. E. T. Chamberlayne, of the Elm, Chipping Norton, Oxon

Lenare

Joan Margot Weston

Vandyk

Kathleen Taite

Above: Kathleen Joan Taite, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Taite, of the Spinney, Hale, Cheshire, is to marry Lawrence J. H. Horner, only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Horner, of Grantown-on-Spey

Above, left: Joan Margot Weston, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. J. L. Weston, of 21, Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh, is engaged to John Masterton Smith, who is in the Royal Scots

Bassano

Rosemary Porter

Is engaged to A. J. B. Goldsmith, F.R.C.S., Middlesex Hospital, son of the late Dr. B. J. Goldsmith, of Bombay; she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Herdman Porter, of Faversham, Kent

Bertram Park

Vera Beck

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry George Beck, of Normanhurst, Hutton, Essex, and is to marry William Elphinstone Underwood, eldest son of Dr. A. C. Underwood, of Algores, Felstead, Essex

Gutmann

Viviane Worms

Is engaged to Robert Clive, younger son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Clive, Ambassador to Tokyo, and the Hon. Lady Clive, and grandson of the late Lord Muir-Mackenzie. Their marriage will take place abroad quite shortly

Bassano

Mary Clive

Above: Mary Clive, youngest daughter of Lieut.-General Sir G. S. and Lady Clive, of Perrystone, Ross, Herefordshire, is engaged to Robert Eustace Abel Smith, son of Mr. Eustace Abel Smith, of Longhills, Lincoln

Extreme left: Beryl Gray is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gray, of Maescelyn, Crickhowell, Breconshire, and is engaged to Kenneth Truman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Truman, of Littlebury House, Bicester, Oxon

Left: Kathleen Thomas, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Thomas, of Meadway Court, N.W.11, is engaged to Maurice A. G. Cadell, only son of the late Mrs. Carthew, and stepson of Lieut.-Colonel Carthew, of Overmist, Tadworth, Surrey

Hay Wrightson

Beryl Gray

Bassano

Kathleen Thomas

Travers — Mortlock

Sir Lancelot Travers, of Ulceby Manor, Alford, Lincs, and Caroline Mortlock, daughter of H. Mortlock, and the late Mrs. Mortlock, of Cambridge, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Rawes — Wall

Lancelot Rawes and Nancy Wall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wall, of 97, North Gate, Regent's Park, leaving St. John's, Regent's Park, after their marriage

Angel — Hagen

Daniel Angel, son of Edward Angel, the well-known theatrical costumier, and Betty Hagen, daughter of Julius Hagen, the film producer, were married at the West End Synagogue, Berkeley Street

Mallaby — Jones

Captain Aubertin W. S. Mallaby, 2nd Punjab Regiment, son of the late William Mallaby, of Oxford, and Mollie Jones, daughter of Major-General Leslie C. Jones, of Inch, Camberley, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Raikes — Lasch

Richard Raikes, son of the late A. W. Raikes and Mrs. Raikes, of Ashwell, Herts, and Lisel Lasch, daughter of Herr Lasch, of Cologne, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Carr — Dawes

Arthur Carr, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Mrs. John Carr, of Ober House, Brockenhurst, and Barbara Jean Dawes, daughter of Major and Mrs. B. M. Dawes, of Coley, Lyndhurst, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Fontes — Methuen

G. A. Fontes and Joyce Methuen, youngest daughter of John Methuen, of Ringway, Cheshire, photographed outside the bride's home after their Cheshire wedding

Edmondson — Anderson

John Kenneth Edmondson, son of D'Arcy Edmondson, of 193, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, and Margaret Gordon Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darsie Anderson, of Guildford, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Radcliffe — de la Rue

Captain Edward C. Radcliffe, late 9th Lancers, son of Mrs. P. C. C. Radcliffe, of Dernford, Crown Hill, Devon, and Mona de la Rue, daughter of Sir Evelyn and Lady de la Rue, of Normans, Rusper, Sussex, were married at All Soul's, Ennismore Gardens

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with Ion Swinley as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's portrayal as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EVERYMAN.—This moving and lovely fifteenth-century religious play is beautifully played by Marie Ney, Richard Ainley, Russell Thorndike. Also the Chester Morality, THE PLAY OF THE SHEPHERDS: Ambassadors, 8.30. (except Mon. and Fri.), 2.30 (except Thurs.).

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUSTICE.—First play of a Galsworthy festival; Stephen Haggard as Falder, Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Ruth Honeywell: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30. to April 27th.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, from April 29th.

VALKYRIE.—A play by a Dane, Christen Jul, with Torin Thatcher and Joyce Bland playing lead: Westminster.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah, Olga Lindo is Abigail Hill; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederick Austin conducts: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 's GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as compère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Queenie Leonard, Richard Goolden: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale, and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for low-brows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The historical burlesque that broke Birmingham records comes to London, with Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man, Clarice Hardwicke: Strand, April 25th.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Franco Foresta as the Archduke: Coliseum, April 26th.

HAMLET.—The play in its entirety is to be done three times a week: Old Vic, April 29th

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A new comedy by N. C. Hunter, with Ronald Squire, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, April 30th.

CINEMAS

BRIGHT EYES.—Little Shirley Temple's new film, with James Dunn to look after her: Regal.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play; Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli. Last week.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace. Last week.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

FIGHTING STOCK.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce for those that like them: New Gallery.

IMITATION OF LIFE.—Claudette Colbert and Rochelle Hudson as a mother and daughter, in the film of Fanny Hirst's novel: Capitol.

LAC AUX DAMES.—Vicki Baum's story has Jean-Pierre Aumont as hero, Simone Simon as the enchanting "Puck"; lovely settings and photography: Academy.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

MICKEY MOUSE.—A Mickey and Silly Symphony programme for the holidays: Tatler.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Fredric March as Jean Valjean, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, Rochelle Hudson, Florence Eldridge: Tivoli, from April 24th.

MISSISSIPPI.—Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, and Joan Bennett are in this film: Plaza.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA.—A musical comedy, with Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy as stars: Empire.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon, from April 30th.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

SKYLARK.—A French air-thriller comedy, with Noel-Noel, Fernandel and Junie Astor: Curzon. Last week.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

PAUL NASH.—Recent water-colours: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

RHODODENDRON SHOW: Horticultural Hall, April 30th.

(*Continued on page* E)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

LOHENGRIN: opening performance, April 29th, 7.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE: April 30th, 6.30.

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

OTHELLO: to-night, 8.

CARMEN: April 25th, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY: April 26th, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: April 27th, 2.30.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: April 27th, 8.

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, LES SYLPHIDES, BLUE BIRD pas de deux, RIO GRANDE: April 30th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

ZINO FRANCESCATTI.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, April 25th, 8.30.

ION AULAY.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, April 26th, 8.30.

PAUL BAUMGARTNER.—Piano recital; first appearance in England: Aeolian Hall, April 26th, 8.30.

THE DORIAN TRIO.—Beethoven-Schumann-Jean Hure programme: Wigmore Hall, April 29th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Roberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Diamond Brothers play their tricks at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays: special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—A new show, with the Le Roy Prinz girls, the Three Sailors, and some star dancing; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The "1935 Monte Carlo Follies" have arrived, and are in the grandest form: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension, Wednesday.

SPORT

RACING.—Spring Meeting: Epsom, April 23rd-25th.

RACING.—Spring Meeting: Sandown Park, April 26th-27th.

GOLF.—English Amateur Championship: Hollinwell, Notts.: April 29.

TENNIS.—Hard Court Championships of Great Britain: Bournemouth, April 29th-May 4th.

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